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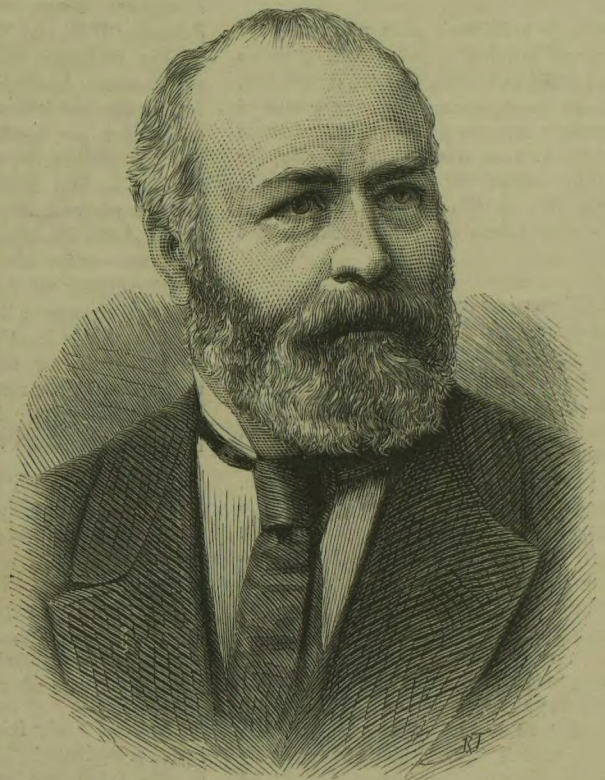
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SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1886.

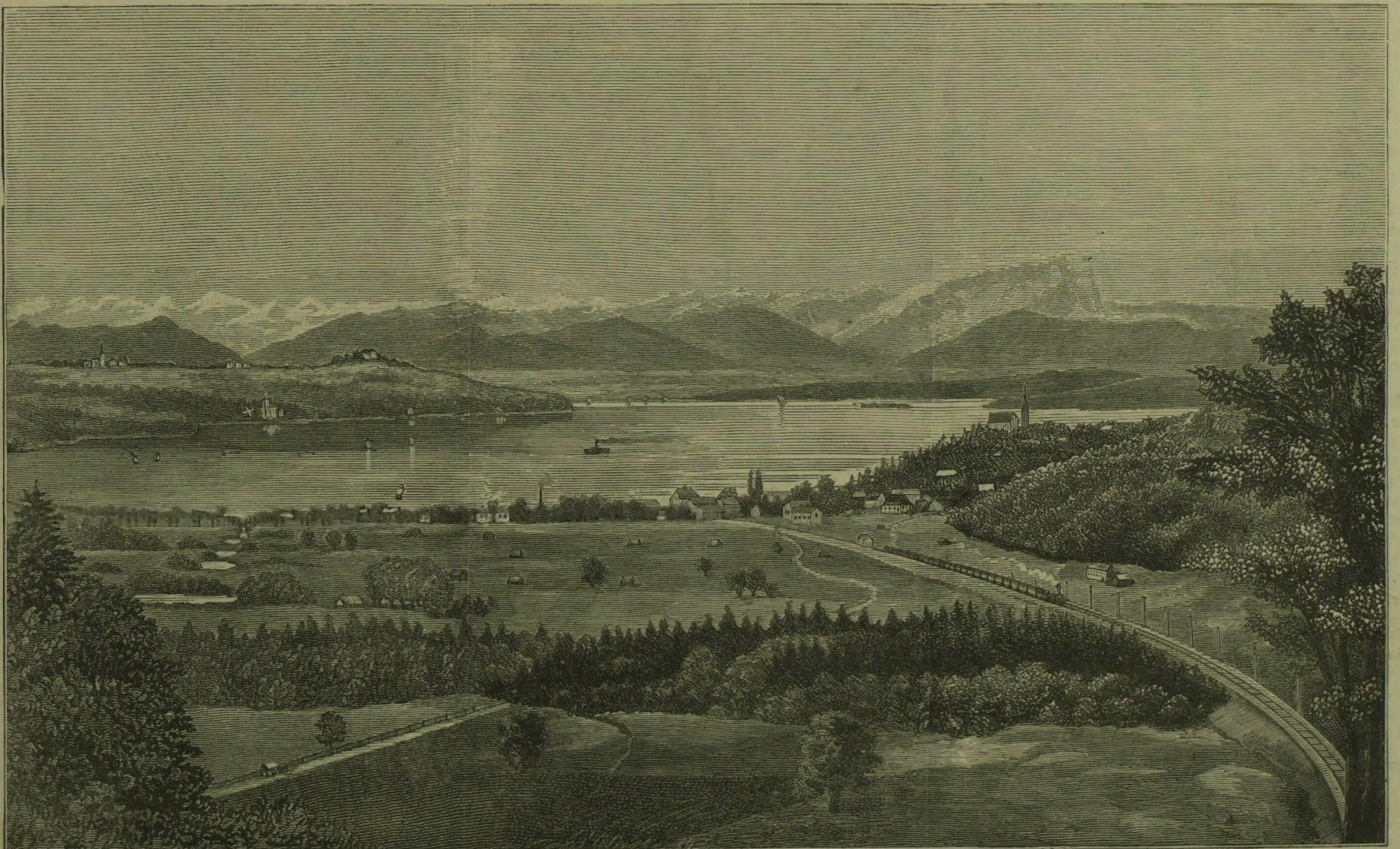
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PRINCE LUITPOLD, REGENT OF BAVARIA,
UNCLE TO THE LATE KING.



THE LATE DR. VON GUDDEN,
PHYSICIAN TO THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.



x Schloss Berg.

THE STARNBERG LAKE, NEAR MUNICH, WHERE THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA DROWNED HIMSELF.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

From Merchiston, Edinburgh, "W. M. S." writes to say that he purposes visiting the Antipodes in quest of health, and asks me to recommend some "impartial book" on Australasia, which he can read during the voyage. I would at once recommend Anthony Trollope's "Australia and New Zealand" as a bluff, honest, outspoken, impartial book—as the Australians themselves admitted the work to be—but that Mr. Trollope's Antipodean experiences were published twelve years ago; and since 1874 the resources and the progress of the Young Giants of the Pacific have increased in almost cubic ratio.

Mem.: The people of Victoria were very sore with Mr. Trollope because he told them not to "blow." The Victorians, especially the people of Melbourne, never blow. To be sure, they brag a little. Melbourne is, next to Chicago, the most marvellous of modern cities; in fact, the huge metropolis on the river Yarra-Yarra is the Australian Chicago, just as Sydney may be likened to Boston: Adelaide (fair Adelaide!) to Baltimore (amicable Baltimore), and Brisbane to Charleston. I am rather at a loss to find a comparison for Tasmania, with its two enchanting towns, Hobart and Launceston. Well: let me say, at a venture, that Tasmania may be likened to the Isle of Wight, seen through a very big magnifying glass: and that Launceston and Hobart remind one of Ryde and Cowes.

There have been recently published piles upon piles of volumes of Australasian travel written by globe-trotting ladies and gentlemen, clergymen, soldiers, sailors, doctors, dyspeptics, journalists, diplomatists, and younger sons of younger sons of the nobility. I decline publicly to particularise any one of these multitudinous contributions to Australasian bibliography, for the reason that I have a big book of my own about Australia and New Zealand coming out in the autumn, and I am naturally anxious that the public should buy my book, and not the books of other people.

Meanwhile, if "W. M. S." requires an exhaustive work, not of opinion, but of out and dried matter-of-fact, let him obtain the Australian Handbook (incorporating New Zealand, Fiji, and New Guinea), which is published by Gordon and Gotch, of St. Bride's-street, E.C. In this handbook he will find a whole mine of information touching the climate and products of Australia, its fauna and flora, its customs, tariffs, and annual yield of gold, silver, tin, wool, diamonds, tallow, apples, wheat, jam, wines, and coals. My correspondent's further and curious query touching verandahs in Australia I must answer next week, because the question has something to do with "Hobson-Jobson," and I must study the Anglo-Indian word-book more intently before I return to the subject of the verandah and the meaning of the word itself.

The inaugural ceremony associated with the new Tower Bridge, which it is fondly hoped may to some extent relieve the now fearfully congested traffic, seems to have been what the Americans term "a little mixed." The Prince of Wales was to have driven the first pile of the new structure; instead of doing so, his Royal Highness laid the first stone of the bridge that is to be. Civic pomp and vanities are, as a rule, admirably managed; all the personages in the ceremonial have had prolonged experience of shows and pageants, and do their spiring skilfully and efficiently. The proceedings on Monday, June 21, were unfortunately marred by hitch after hitch.

"Rosamond's Bower," so my friend Miss Genevieve Ward tells me, is to be the title of Mr. Godwin's "arrangement" of Lord Tennyson's "Becket," a representation of which is to be given in London next month by Lady Archibald Campbell. I have been away so long from home that I do not know whether her indefatigable Ladyship has yet produced a fresco "arrangements" of "Comus," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "Love in a Village," and "The Beggars' Opera." There should be no difficulty in getting up an open-air arrangement of the immortal lyric satire which made Gay rich, and Rich gay. "Becket," as arranged by that accomplished expert in archaeology Mr. E. W. Godwin, should be a very grandiose and impressive function. Lady Archibald will, of course, be charming as Fair Rosamond; Miss Ward, it goes without saying, will be bland, passionate, and occasionally terrific as Queen Eleanor; while King Henry, for which part Lord Kilmorey was originally cast, will be played by that excellent dramatic artist Mr. W. H. Vernon.

I do not purpose witnessing Mr. Godwin's "arrangement," neither am I going to write any more about it, having abandoned the pursuit of dramatic criticism; nor have I read Lord Tennyson's "Becket," nor do I mean to read it. Thought is free. I prefer to read and re-read and re-re-read "In Memoriam," and "Elaine," and "Vivien," and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." The plays of modern poets are, as a rule, poor things. I once saw—at the Globe, I think—a play by Lord Tennyson, called "The Promise of May"; and, notwithstanding the admirable acting of Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Mr. Hermann Vezin, "The Promise of May" made me feel very bad. So did, in degree, "The Cup," at the Lyceum; only that famous silver bowl was wreathed with flowers of soul by Henry Irving and the incomparable Ellen Terry; and then there was that wondrous architectural tableau of the interior of the temple of the Ephesian Artemis, in the ordinance of which Mr. James Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century*, took so large and so useful a part.

Mem.: The dreariest play from the pen of a distinguished writer that I ever witnessed was the "Philip Van Artevelde" of the late Sir Henry Taylor, which was produced at the Princess's Theatre about forty years ago, I should say. William Charles Macready played the leading part; but it was a long time ere he could persuade Mr. John Medley Maddox to bring out "Philip Van Artevelde." When the ponderous play was at length produced, Maddox mounted it on a scale of then almost unexampled splendour. One of the tableaux in

the drama represented a hungry Flemish mob; and the liberal-minded Maddox engaged no less than a hundred and fifty "supers" to look ragged and hungry, the which they did to the life.

"Philip Van Artevelde," full as it is of noble diction and true poetic feeling, was as a stage play the dullest of failures. It did not run a week. It was a "frost." On the second night of its performance Manager Maddox cut the hundred and fifty supers down to twenty-five, thereby saving a hundred and twenty five eightpences. Now, a dear brother of mine, long since dead, was a member of the old Princess's company. He was by training a scholar (an old Blue, Great Erasmus, Deputy Grecian), and by nature a wag. Macready had a strange liking for him; but that the illustrious tragedian had an odd way of showing his partiality for a young actor will be evident when I hint that he habitually addressed my deceased relative as "Beast." My brother played a subordinate part in Sir Henry Taylor's play, and on the second night of the performance of the disastrous drama, Macready, leaning on my kinsman's shoulder, and pointing to the diminished mob of famished Flemings, whispered to him, "Beast, *Famine has done its work!*"

To revert for a moment to Miss Genevieve Ward, I may mention that she has just returned from a triumphantly successful dramatic tour round the world. Between January, 1884, and November, 1885, I followed pretty closely in her footsteps from the Atlantic and the Pacific, and all through Australia and New Zealand, and everywhere I found she had left a lasting impression behind her of admiration for her genius and esteem for her character. Ere leaving Melbourne, she did a great work of mercy and compassion in that Marvellous City by organising, at the Town Hall, a performance of "Antigone," for the benefit of the funds of the Melbourne Hospital for Women. The entertainment was under the direct auspices of Lady Loch, the wife of his Excellency Sir Henry Loch, Governor of Victoria, and the net result has been the addition to the funds of the charity in question of not less than five thousand pounds. A little bird has whispered to me that, about August next, Miss Ward will undertake, before retiring from the stage, a final campaign in the United States. I hope she will take a good working company from England with her.

What is a "Lady Felon"? Well, Margaret Catchpole was a felon, I suppose, although not what is conventionally termed a lady. Did she not steal a horse, and get transported beyond the seas for the term of her natural life? Did she not obtain a ticket-of-leave, and ultimately a free pardon? Did she not marry, and live happily ever afterwards? Are not some of her descendants living in Tasmania this very day; and did not the Reverend Ingram Cobbold write a most graphic, and touching narrative of the adventures of the Suffolk heroine?

But the "lady felon" whom I have in my mind is no love-lorn horse-stealer. If you wish to know what manner of lady is this felon, you must read a booklet just put forth by Macmillan, entitled "Letters from Donegal, in 1886, by a Lady Felon"; edited by Colonel Maurice, Professor of Military History at the Royal Staff College. The perusal of these letters taught me, in three quarters of an hour, more about the real condition of rural Ireland than I could have learned from plodding through five hundred newspaper and magazine articles. Colonel Maurice's introduction is a lucid, temperate *exposé des motifs* of these deeply interesting letters.

I read in a great daily paper (always in connection with the Tower Bridge pageant, where the first pile was not driven, but where the first stone was laid) as follows:—"As may be supposed, the conspicuous uniforms were those of the Yeomen of the Guard, seldom seen in their full blossoming of quaint splendour." I was not a spectator of the Tower Bridge ceremony; but I will go bail, as the saying is, that there were no Yeomen of the Guard there. Another great daily paper (the *Times*) in its account of the function, incidentally alludes to the Beefeaters. The undersigned is prepared to lay Lombard-street to a China Orange that there were no Beefeaters present. The much-medalled veterans in quaintly splendid garb whom the gentlemen of the press mistook for Yeomen of the Guard or Beefeaters, were in all probability the Tower Warders, a totally distinct and different corps, under different command, and fulfilling different functions from those of the halberdiers who precede the Queen's carriage when her Majesty goes forth in state; although the Tower Warders wear nearly the same costume as do their brethren at the West-End, and are drawn from the same class—that of deserving non-commissioned officers of long standing.

The carefulest mental study that I ever made of a Tower Warder was in front of the little church of St. Peter ad Vincula, within the Tower, on the occasion of the funeral of Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne. But when I had finished taking stock of the aged warrior's costume—his scarlet doublet barred with gold, and with the Royal cognisance and cypher blazoned on back and breast, and the red hose, the rosettes, and the low-cut shoes: the white and red roses of York and Lancaster encircling the low-crowned velvet hat—when I had taken in all this I noticed one curious addition which the old gentleman had made to his mediæval garb, and a most atrocious solecism it seemed to me. Inside his neatly-goffered Elizabethan ruff he wore a pair of stand-up collars—"gills," as we used to call them when we were boys—Gladstonian collars. Oddly enough, the selfsame solecism may be noticed in Lawrence's superb full-length portrait of George IV. in the Robes of the Garter. I have only a carte-de-visite photograph of the engraving from the portrait; but, scanning it intently through a powerful magnifying-glass, I was able to make out the "stand-up" within the small ruff.

Mem.: I wonder how many K.G.'s possess the full Robes of the Garter. The Robe itself, of Garter-blue velvet, with its white satin lining, gold emblazoned badge, collar, and George, every K.G. possesses, as a matter of course. It was in such a robe, over a General's uniform, that I saw the Prince of Wales married, four-and-twenty years ago. But it is the undergarb of a K.G. that I mean; the dress that we see in Lodge's pictures of the personages who figured at the coronation of George IV. Modern painters and

sculptors are getting somewhat hazy as to the precise details of this gorgeous dress. The full-length of Earl Grey in the robes of the Garter, which adorns the hall of the Reform Club, is "O.K." The gilt statue which forms the centrepiece of the Albert Memorial is in one particular incorrect—the shoes are ornamented with buckles instead of rosettes.

Touching the Yeoman of the Guard, or Beefeater. Everybody knows that his popular name is simply a corruption of *Buffetier*, or guardian of the sideboard. Once only have I seen two Yeomen of the Guard keeping watch and ward over the Royal buffet. That was in St. George's Hall, Windsor, when her Majesty gave a state banquet to the ill-fated Tsar Alexander II., who paid these shores a visit soon after the marriage of his daughter to the Duke of Edinburgh. The sideboard was heaped high with massive and antique gold plate; no silver-gilt, mind, but real gold. The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths cannot boast, I believe, a complete service of gold.

In the matter of curry and curry stuff, letters continue to flow in on this spicy subject. "Where," writes L. W. B., from the Cigar Club, Waterloo-place, "can I get a decent recipe for anything approaching the curries served, say, at the Byculla Club at Bombay, or, better still, by a worthy soul who used, many years ago, to cater for the naval officers' bungalow at Sober Island, Trincomalee?" "A Peppery Indian Doctor," another of my curry-correspondents, writing from the Hôtel du Louvre, Paris, is enthusiastic on the subject of a "moist" Madras prawn curry. At least a dozen more correspondents impetuously demand curry recipes. All I can say is, "Bide a wee." I am thinking out the whole subject, and getting together the cookery-books in which curry is treated of; and next Friday a jury of experts are coming to my house to eat curry and rice. G. A. S.

THE OLD ESSAYISTS.

On April 12, 1709, Richard Steele published the first number of the *Tatler*; two years later he began the *Spectator*, which survived till the end of 1712, and then the reckless, versatile editor started the *Guardian*, which lived till the end of October, and was followed by the *Englishman*, which gave place to the *Lover*, a paper that, during its brief butterfly existence, had a rival in the *Reader*. Steele's passion for setting on foot new publications seems unbounded. One journal follows another in rapid succession; and when we say that after the *Reader* came *Town-Talk*, *Tea-Table*, *Chit-Chat*, the *Spinster*, and the *Theatre*, it will be seen that "the sprightly father of the English essay" expended on the art he loved no small amount of energy. It is scarcely necessary to add that Sir Richard's literary reputation rests upon the two earliest children of his invention, the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, especially on the *Tatler*. As the post left London only three times a week—namely, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—the *Tatler* appeared on those days. It consists of 271 numbers, and, though assisted by Addison, Steele was by far the largest contributor to the periodical he had originated. For the *Spectator*, on the other hand, Addison writes 274 papers, and Steele 236.

The fertility of Steele's invention was remarkable, and it was displayed in business life as well as in literature; but like most projectors, it was his lot to sow the seed while others reaped the harvest. With a noble freedom from jealousy, he confesses that the finest papers in these periodicals are from the pen of his friend, who performed his part with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, "that I fared," he writes, "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." It was a generous statement, and it was not without truth. Beyond controversy, the greatest essayist of the last century is Addison; and up to the present day he has but one superior in this exquisite form of literary workmanship. It would be, perhaps, unjust to bring the author of "Sir Roger de Coverley" into competition with "Elia," but, apart from that incomparable writer, for delicacy of humour, for mastery of language, for beauty of thought, for happiness of invention, for the charm which holds the reader captive as by a strain of music heard and loved in the days of youth and joy, Addison, though endowed with an intellect more refined than wealth, deserves all the praise he has received. It is only when Lord Macaulay, in his exaggerated language, declares that almost everything good in the *Tatler* was Addison's, and that his worst essay in the *Spectator* is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors, that we feel inclined to grudge that fine writer his reputation. For Steele has high claims of his own, which Macaulay altogether ignores. "Dear, good, faulty Steele," as Landor calls him, is a familiar, engaging writer, in whose society we feel happy. He is so thoroughly human, so lively, so tender-hearted, so—shall we say, indiscreet? that we like him better than many an author who is less impulsive and more careful of his reputation. And if we miss in his essays the delightful humour of Addison, and that perfection of style which mocks all attempts at imitation, we delight in the freshness and simplicity, the pathos, singularly true and unconventional, the strain of sound, worldly wisdom, the just literary criticism, and the charity that hopeth all things, which give life still to the first in priority, if not in genius, of the Queen Anne essayists.

I am not sure, indeed, that the reader with a taste for the literature of that period would not choose for a country companion Mr. Dobson's selections from Steele in preference to Mr. Thomas Arnold's selections from the essays of Addison. We all know, of course, which volume has the rarest literary flavour, but just as there are times when we prefer Herrick to Spenser, or Pope to Milton, so there are times when, with profound respect, we put Addison on the shelf, while, with a pleasant sense of comradeship, we put Steele into our pocket.

I wish I could persuade the "general reader" who lives on the food provided by Mudie, Smith, and the Grosvenor, to spend some hours with both these worthies. They would be pleasant hours, certainly; and, I venture to think, not unprofitable. And they will be entirely fresh; for nothing like these papers is written in our day; and the very titles of the essays show the reader at once that he is in a new world. In vain he will look for the knowledge and wisdom (though the two do not always run together), for the array of facts, the weight of argument, and the elaborate research displayed in our quarterlies and monthlies, or in the essays that appear in some of our weekly papers. Addison and Steele, like most of their successors in the last century, are content with any topic, however slight, and just as "Stella" said Swift could write well on a broomstick, so do these twin essayists write on all the idle fashions of the time—on patches and head-dresses, on fine ladies at church, on fashionable hours and fine gentlemen, on clubs and pin-money, as well as on more serious topics, with a felicity of manner that is the despair of the modern essayist. He may comfort himself with the thought that he has more to say, and knows a great deal more than Addison and Steele. So he does; but, somehow, one is perverted enough to fancy that if these delightful old writers had known more they might possibly charm us less.

IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

An Appeal to the Country in the leafy month of June, when summer sunshine should be the order of the day, would be welcome enough were not the social arrangements of the London season to a great extent upset by the Dissolution of Parliament. Happily, the leaders of fashion have one consolation. Her Majesty—whom we all heartily congratulate upon the commencement of the fiftieth year of her reign—signals her return to Windsor by graciously opening a noble educational institution for ladies at Egham, and, presently, by entertaining the Colonial and Indian Exhibition magnates at the castle; and the Prince and Princess of Wales remain to brighten town by their presence. In a word, the Queen and the Royal family will do something to prevent the utter spoiling of the London season.

A moribund Parliament is never an enlivening sight. The last days of the short-lived Parliament elected before Christmas have proved no exception to the rule. True, there has been a last flicker of interest in connection with the erasure by the Lords of the clauses Mr. Labouchere added to the Returning Officers' Bill, to impose the election charges made by those functionaries on the rates. In the Upper House, on Monday, the Marquis of Salisbury, reinvigorated by his enthusiastic reception last week at Leeds, in his most sarcastically succinct style submitted that "a House of Commons under dissolution was a House of Commons not in possession of all its Constitutional faculties," and that, accordingly, it would be but right to remove the excrescence to the measure added by Mr. Labouchere "at three o'clock in the morning." His Lordship plainly declared he would oppose the second reading if the clauses objected to were not withdrawn. At the head of an overwhelming and generally obedient majority as the noble Marquis is, the Earl of Kimberley deemed discretion the better part of valour, and secured the passing of the measure by consenting to its being shorn of the changes interpolated in the Commons. But this procedure did not escape condemnation on the part of Radical members of the Lower House.

Sir William Harcourt, who figured rotundly enough on the Treasury Bench as the deputy Leader of the House of Commons in the absence of the Prime Minister, made known on Tuesday that the Prorogation would take place on the Friday, and the Dissolution on the Saturday of the present week. Short shrift will there now be, therefore, for those members doomed to failure at the forthcoming July balloting.

The speeches of Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury outside Parliament have commanded the greatest interest. The spirited bugle-call of each leader has unmistakably roused the enthusiasm of his followers. The Premier, on his side, displayed marvellous energy, and his eloquence was as copious as the wine which streams from a conjurer's inexhaustible bottle, during his brief Midlothian campaign. "Give Irishmen the right to manage the local affairs of Ireland," was the keynote of the many harangues he made, at St. Pancras Terminus, at Leicester station, at Hawick, and other places on the way by rail from London to Edinburgh, on Thursday week. Although Mr. Gladstone's various speeches must altogether have occupied several hours in delivery, the points may be compressed into a small compass. Making the Royal Hotel his head-quarters, Mr. Gladstone enjoyed many drives with Mrs. Gladstone, and was "lionised" throughout his stay. His first address, delivered with much fire in the packed Music Hall on the Friday night, opened with a stimulating allusion to Inkerman as being "a soldiers' battle." Similarly, he claimed that the coming election would be "the people's election." Regretting the secession on this question of the Marquis of Hartington and other leading Liberals, he yet designated the "Union" which they were for maintaining as "one of paper only, and not one of heart and mind, as it should be." The policy and principle to be voted on would be—Whether or not we should agree to the establishment of a legislative body in Ireland for the management exclusively of Irish affairs. That principle conceded, he would invite the co-operation of all to settle the details of a satisfactory settlement. The Earl of Carnarvon's Home Rule flirtation with Mr. Parnell did not escape mention, the Premier seeking to inculcate Lord Salisbury in the negotiations. Then the alternative policies of the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain were dismissed as "visionary and ever changing," as "halting, stumbling, drifting, and ever vanishing." The real issue would be between the Home Rule proposition of the Government and the "twenty years of coercion" recommended in a recent speech of the Marquis of Salisbury. The right hon. gentleman skilfully said ditto to himself in Monday afternoon's speech in the same hall. He then, after encountering a fresh ovation in Glasgow on Tuesday, favoured a large meeting in Hengler's Circus with an historical retrospect of Scotland and Ireland in order to justify the re-establishment of a Dublin Parliament. More cheers at railway stations, and some Hartingtonian heckling by Mr. Ferguson at Carlisle, on the Premier's way south to Hawarden, there to enjoy a brief respite to prepare for his visit to Manchester on Friday.

The Marquis of Salisbury, lucid, epigrammatic, and forcible, launched his carefully forged ironic bolts so vigorously against the late Irish Home Rule Bill of Mr. Gladstone that the Leeds Coliseum rang again on Friday se'nnight with the cheers of delighted Conservatives. As a platform speaker and Parliamentary orator alike, Lord Salisbury is the very opposite of Mr. Gladstone. Whereas the sonorous eloquence of the Premier flows in rich volumes of sound, the barbed sentences of the noble Marquis are short, crisp, *chic*. Tortuous as the policy of Lord Salisbury may be, his language is clearness itself. Thus, his Lordship explicitly disowned the soft impeachment that he had ever coquetted with Home Rule through the mild medium of the Earl of Carnarvon. He emphatically stated he had always been of opinion that "an Irish Legislature was an impracticable proposal," and that "the attempt to establish it would be disadvantageous to this country." As for the charge brought against him of being in favour of "Coercion," he adroitly retorted that the allegation came well from Mr. Gladstone, who had "imprisoned a thousand men in Ireland without trial in order to frustrate their political efforts." The only "Coercion" the noble Marquis would enforce would be against those guilty of breaches of the criminal laws. In view of the proposed self-governing community suggestive of "the Kilkenny cats," and in lieu of granting measures constituting "a slope—a greasy slope—on which Ireland would go down from the condition in which she is at present" to "perfect separation"—Lord Salisbury would give Ireland local government in regard to railways, canals, gas, water, and all such matters, the essence of such local government being that it should be subordinate to the central Government. Finally, the noble Marquis earnestly recommended Conservatives to work for "Unionists" like Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain as they would for members of their own Party. It must be admitted there was no beating about the bush on the part of Lord Salisbury, whose followers assert they are confident of success at the General Election.

Mr. Chamberlain, for his part, has launched a new "National Radical Union" in Birmingham; and on Saturday

last he resolutely maintained the courage of his opinions before a crowded meeting in the Townhall. He clung to his manifold objections to the defeated plan of the Ministry; re-stated his preference for a uniform system of local self-government for England and Scotland and Wales and Ireland; yet let drop a hope that in the autumn the Government might reunite the Liberal party by introducing "a large measure of Home Rule and local government for Ireland" they might all agree to. It may be added that, amid the confusion of tongues, it is to be hoped the clear voice of Mr. Bright will once more be heard, the veteran Liberal statesman having consented to stand again for the Central Division of Birmingham. Perhaps the most talked-about electioneering philippic of the week has been the peculiarly acrid and acrimonious attack on Mr. Gladstone in Lord Randolph Churchill's animated address to his constituents.

NOVELS.

If covers were the main consideration, then *Salambo*: by Gustave Flaubert (Vizetelly and Co.), would undoubtedly "unite all suffrages." This English version of a somewhat ancient, exceedingly powerful, perhaps celebrated, confessedly difficult, and—as some folk hold—particularly repulsive romance, is due to the skill and labour of a "sapper" for whom nothing is too formidable, though there may be much that is "sacred"; and the work is described as being "translated from the French édition définitive" (whatever that may mean) "by J. S. Chartres." There is a portrait of the author, whose memory is not likely to be very favourably affected thereby; but a biographical notice of him, in the introduction, will counteract the ill-effects—if any—of the portrait. As regards the translator's work, which is allowed on all hands to have been a very arduous and even hopeless task (so far as certain obstacles were concerned), it is not easy, of course, to say, in the absence of the original, what amount of success has been attained, but there is little or no reason to doubt that a good, faithful, and readable rendering has been accomplished—as readable, at any rate, as the nature of the romance permitted it to be. The novel is said to be realistic; which generally means either disgusting or improper, or both, and in the present instance there is more than a little of both, the former predominating. No doubt it is a wonderful piece of literature, but it is not very interesting and it is not at all diverting. Surely realists need not always exercise their talents upon what is horrible, or indecent, or dirty; it is just as good realism to reproduce nice things to the life as nasty. Besides, it is something like an abuse of language to apply the term "realistic" to a story of ancient times at which the writer did not live, and for a picture of which he must rely either upon sheer fancy or upon a mixture of fancy and more or less legendary records. *Salambo*, as everybody may not know, is the name given to a supposed daughter of that famous Hamilcar Barca, who was the father of the still more famous Hannibal; and she goes through some curious (and indelicate) experiences in recovering for her country a sacred veil, with which the fortunes of Carthage are represented as being closely connected. The author had read books about old Carthage, and had personally visited modern Carthage; but the romance he constructed out of his double knowledge thus acquired is not likely to recall to readers who have studied their Livy, and have explored the Tunis and its neighbourhood of to-day, such a Carthage as their vision conjured up, either with the help of the Roman historian or from the modern guide-book, and the supplementary information of an intelligent valet-de-place. A very useful appendix has been most thoughtfully and considerably added to the story; it contains criticisms of the romance at its first appearance, and replies made to them by the author. This course was honest, wise, and satisfactory. At the same time, it had been better if the work could have remained sealed for ever in the security of some unknown tongue.

Another of the so-called "realistic" novels is *Crime and Punishment*: by Fedor Dostoevsky (Vizetelly and Co.), in which some unknown translator has been at the pains and trouble of enabling English readers to see how a Russian handles his "realism." It is much the same thing, of course, whether the "ism" be Russian, or French, or English; it means, for the most part, sickening horrors, ingeniously invented, microscopically described, vividly coloured, accompanied by torrents of verbiage. It is clever, no doubt; it is very like life, unfortunately, though suggestive of pandemonium; and it is just saved from being utterly intolerable by the talent displayed and the moral lesson insinuated rather than taught. In the present instance a vast amount of space is devoted to showing how a crime was committed and confessed by a young man who is a strange psychological study, and how love grew up between him and an angelic girl whose sweet nature (so it is made out) caused her to take to bad courses for the sake of her father, her step-mother, and the rest of her family. It is shocking and heart-rending; it is, alas! very possible and true to life, perhaps; but it is absolutely necessary to publish such truths abroad! There are virtuous truths as well as vicious truths; and are not the former as capable as the latter of "realistic" treatment? But all experience shows that it is easier to make vice interesting than virtue: that seems to be the explanation.

About two-thirds of *Darby and Joan*: by "Rita" (John and Robert Maxwell), would make a very pleasing, touching, interesting, charming story; the other third, with the monthly nurse and the melodramatic business to make it distressing, might be dispensed with to advantage. There is far too much piling up the agony with painful effort. On the other hand, nothing could be more delightful than the picture of the home presided over by the young girl who acts as mother to her brothers, and as even more than mother to her little blind sister; nothing more provocative of sympathy than the position of that young girl between her passionate love for the unstable nephew and the elderly uncle's equally passionate but almost hopeless love for her; nothing more consolatory than the ultimate explanation of all misunderstanding. It is true that the characters, the very best of them (at the head of whom is the noble-minded uncle) do not always act as one's notions of conventionality would lead one to expect—as, for instance, when a young unmarried lady (with a child and a nurse, however, to keep her a little in countenance) goes abroad in company with an unmarried gentleman, though Sir Ralph does go as merely "courier"; but it must be acknowledged that conventionality is sometimes sadly in the way and has to be thrown overboard. There are some remarkably pretty and picturesque scenes in the book, a few powerful and powerfully described situations; and the whole work is pervaded by a wonderful intensity of feeling.

The Queen has forwarded £50 to the building fund of the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel.

Lady Brownlow opened on Tuesday a sale of work done in the classes of the Home Arts and Industries Association, which is now in its sixth year of existence, at St. Andrew's Rooms, Viaduct-street, Bethnal-green.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The theatrical season continues in a low and depressed state, and the entertainment time is the dullest that can be remembered for many a long year. No manager can complain of the weather. South Kensington and Albert Palace competitions are out of the question, for it would require the constitution of a Greenland to sit out and smoke in a garden at a time when Lord Byron's sarcasm has been verified—"Seek roses in December, ice in June!" Indeed, we have had it this year: No; there is something wrong with the dramatic constitution. It wants fresh air and a tonic. A disagreeable, capricious spirit is abroad. Dramatic authors and dramatic critics violently tear and rend one another in the columns of Sunday newspapers; dramatists and collaborators wrangle and squabble over every word they each contributed to a new play; editors grin and chuckle at vanity, obstinacy, or prejudice strive to get the upper hand. Sober, respectable literary men cannot sit down to a friendly dinner without leaping to their feet, squabbling, and airing their insignificant grievances before strangers. Each man's hand seems to be against his neighbour's throat, and "brotherly love" has for the moment disappeared from the theatrical arena. What is the reason of it all? Is it the east wind, the Home Rule Bill, or depression in trade? Social pleasures are at an end; club life in its most pleasant relations is changed, and those who do not desire to indulge in paper wars or fiery altercations over the claret and dessert shut themselves up in grim solitude, and wait patiently for a blue sky and a gleam of sunshine. It is not strange that this cantankerous tone, this inimical spirit, this absence of all that is genial, charitable, and sociable should enter into the theatre. For what other reason than that of saying spiteful things should any sane man sit down and write such an example of folly and spleen as the so-called burlesque "Mephisto," for which the rights of playing at the Royalty were paid down in hard cash by Mr. Henley and his friends? What can it serve any human being to know that Mr. Henley despises Mr. Henry Irving, forsooth, and thinks that he has arrived at his distinguished and unassailable position by encouraging adulation and dispensing bribes? Mr. Henley thinks he can imitate Mr. Irving, and he does his fooling indifferently well. Only egotism of the rarest kind would suggest another Irving imitation after the inimitable performance of Mr. Dixey, the American artist at the Gaiety. Mr. Henley's imitation is separated from the other Irving parrots in that it is tintured with spleen. If Mr. Henley and his friends really think that an actor so distinguished and a man so unselfish as Mr. Henry Irving has done nothing for the profession of which Mr. Henley is such a minor member—if they consider that the dramatic profession in its every relation owes nothing to the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, who lectures on Saturday before the University of Oxford, they are, of course, welcome to their opinion. But their sneers are out of place in a public theatre, and are naturally resented by those who like to preserve in the theatre that character for good taste that has hitherto distinguished it. On the other hand it may not be considered altogether presumptuous to say that the patient chroniclers of all that is good and true, and most that is bad and base on the contemporary stage deserve some better recognition than has been extended to them in the silly satire produced by Mr. Henley, which has not its only excusing feature, cleverness, to relieve its intolerable vulgarity. The little play "Jack," on the other hand, has some merit. Its situations are not new, in some cases whole scenes from famous plays having been annexed with characteristic coolness. The acting of Mr. Eben Plympton and Miss Dorothy Dene has considerable merit. They are as earnest as they are capable. But it is a regretful circumstance when any artists who presumably respect their calling should identify themselves with a venture distinguished for its unrelieved rudeness and its Philistine iconoclasm. It will be a sad day for the stage when the public supports the form of entertainment that springs from the study of the lowest type of theatrical journalism. When amusement is jaundiced over with envy and all uncharitableness it ceases to be healthy.

Contrast such "green-eyed" stuff as this with the cheerful, manly, good-hearted fun of such a social satirist as Mr. Corney Grain, who at German Reed's has produced yet another song of the season. No carping sneers, no rudeness or spite disfigure his merry and clever description of "Henley Regatta." He has a light hand and an observant eye. He whips the follies of the hour with a feather. He cheers everybody, and distresses no one. Those most keenly satirised laugh at him the most, for—dear creatures!—they always believe he is merely chaffing their friends! "Henley Regatta" is one of the best of Mr. Grain's recent songs, and it comes at a most appropriate moment: for, in a few days, we shall all be down among the roses and the rowers, the haymakers and the house-boats, enjoying one of the most picturesque carnivals that the London year affords. Mr. Corney Grain's description of the "Eton and Harrow" match has been properly followed by "Henley Regatta." But what becomes of all Mr. Grain's entertainments? Where are they stored away? Why does he not publish them, as a contribution to some future history of the life and manners of the Victorian age?

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has made a very fair start as a dramatist with a pretty little one-act play, of semi-humorous, semi-pathetic interest, called "Barbara." It has been hailed with pleasure by the piffites at the Globe, for they have to wait a very long time to see the "Pickpocket," an uncommonly late play of the evening. "Barbara" is not only a neat and graceful work, but it is uncommonly well played by Miss Cissy Grahame, a sensible and clever young lady, who does not give herself airs, and foolishly object to play the people in. Her Barbara is a fresh and original sketch, distinguished for its pleasant cynicism and unforced sentiment. Such an artistic little touch as this in a more important play would have attracted considerable attention; but it can do no actress harm to play well, if she does it at seven in the evening or two in the afternoon.

I fear that Jane Hading has made a little mistake in appearing as the Queen in Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas." The part is not sufficiently important to justify the play under the conditions on which it is produced. We shall all look forward to her "Frou-Frou" next week with great pleasure.

The benefits and matinées are ceaseless. They require a newspaper all to themselves, and they entail a grievous loss of valuable time.

C. S.

Mr. Wilson Barrett commences his farewell programme as follows:—"Clito" will be played for the last time on Saturday afternoon, July 3; on that evening the theatre will be closed, and on the following Monday "Clandian" will be revived for eleven nights, and one matinée on Saturday, July 17; "Hamlet" will be played on July 19, 20, 21, and 22; the 23rd and 24th being set aside for performances of a special nature.

A number of journalists and gentlemen interested in Queensland attended at the Colonial Exhibition, on the 18th inst., at the invitation of the Hon. J. F. Garrick, Agent-General for the Colony, to witness the inauguration of the first gold quartz crushing-machine ever installed in this country.

THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.

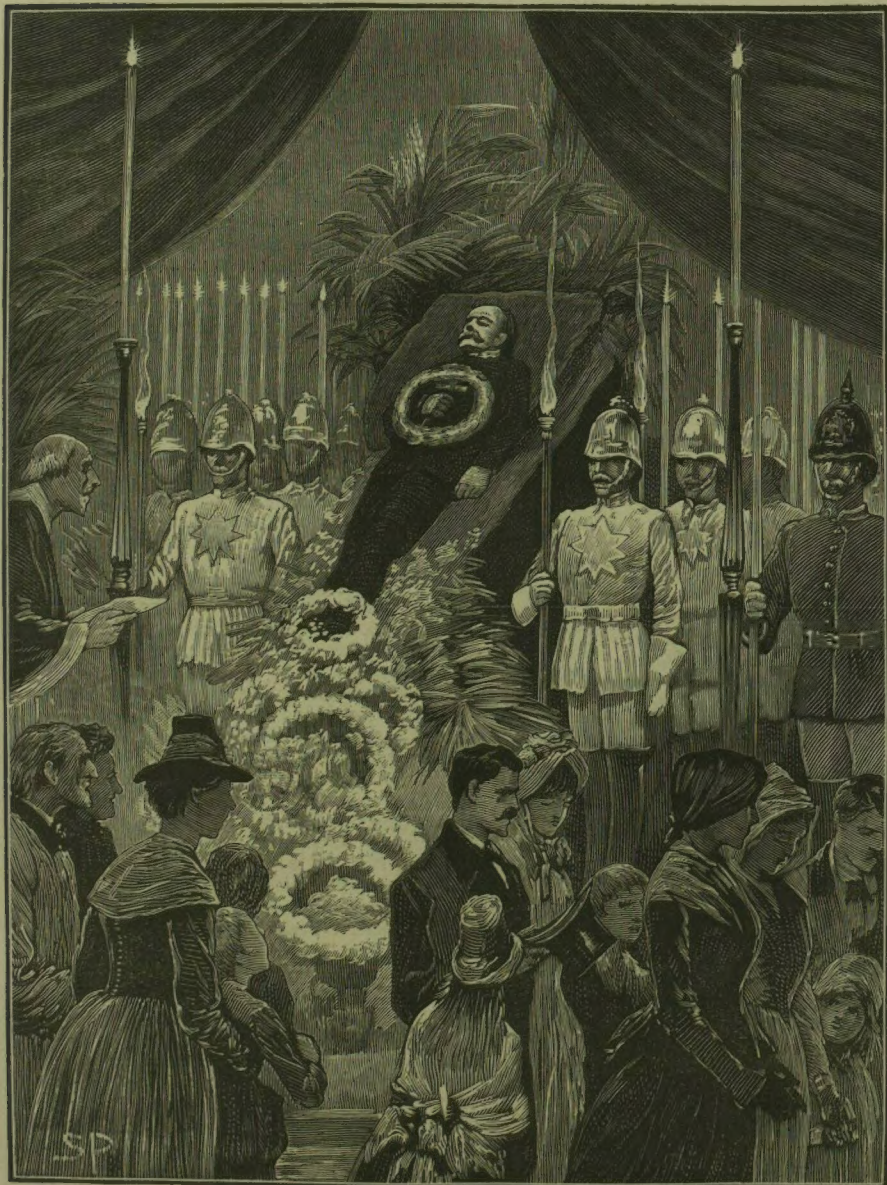
Suicide, caused by insanity, has been the lamentable termination of the reign and life of a German Sovereign, the late King Louis II. of Bavaria; whose personal character displayed some high mental gifts, some generous and noble qualities, and who was enthusiastically addicted to the highest intellectual pleasures of taste and imagination; but he was, apparently, incapable of performing the necessary duties of his Royal position, which he persistently evaded, choosing an unrestrained career of refined self-indulgence, though free from grosser vices, and squandering his revenues upon the attempt to realise that ideal of romantic fancy which Tennyson's well-known poem, "The Palace of Art," impressively describes—a warning to the mere intellectual voluptuary in every rank, though King Louis, as the victim perhaps of hereditary insanity, is rather to be pitied than blamed.

Louis (Ludwig) Otto Frederick William of Wittelsbach, King of Bavaria, was born August 25, 1845, and on March 10, 1864, succeeded his father, King Maximilian II.; he has never been married. The House of Wittelsbach, one of the most ancient in Germany, rose from the rank of Counts to that of Dukes of Bavaria, and Elector-Princes of the Empire, in the seventeenth century; the Elector in 1805 was elevated by Napoleon to the title of King, which was confirmed by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. Bavaria has a population of rather more than five millions, one third of whom are Protestants; it has its own Constitutional Government, but is subject to the rule of the German Empire in matters of foreign and military policy. The powers of the monarchy are strictly limited, as there is a Parliament of two Chambers, with a Ministry responsible to the representatives of the people; the revenue of the State is about eleven millions sterling. King Louis I., who was grandfather to the late King, was a very eccentric person; a magnificent patron of the fine arts, the founder of grand museums and galleries and collections of paintings and sculpture at Munich; but his habits, and his choice of favourites, brought him into derision, and in 1848 he was forced to abdicate. The late King



THE LATE KING LOUIS II., OF BAVARIA.

Louis II., and his younger brother Prince Otto, born in 1848, who has been recognised as a lunatic, and regularly cared for, during several years past, seem to have inherited the family malady. The mother of the late King was Princess Marie of Prussia, who married Prince Maximilian, afterwards King of Bavaria, in 1842; she was daughter of the late Prince William of Prussia. After the accession of Louis II. to the throne, in 1864, he allowed himself to be led to take the Austrian side in the campaign of 1866, and his troops were badly beaten by the Prussians. In 1870, however, Bavaria redeemed herself in the eyes of the Fatherland by the services done by her soldiers in the war with France; and it was the King of Bavaria who acted as spokesman of the German Princes in offering the Empire to the King of Prussia. But this public and solemn act was exceptional in a career marked by eccentricity and morbid self-will. Long before 1870 King Louis II. had shown his strange disposition by retiring from his capital to one or other of his castles, and by giving himself up to a fantastic patronage of music and the theatre. Some will say that a reign was not altogether thrown away which gave the opportunities that King Louis had for the development of the powers of Richard Wagner. It was the King that paid for the production of all Wagner's chief works at Munich, on the scale which the regal ideas of the composer demanded; and it was the King who finally built the great theatre at Bayreuth. Even then prudent people shook their heads; and it has not been possible to conceal all the strange things that King Louis has done of recent years. One of his most constant fancies has been to have dramatic and musical performances for himself alone. The theatre was darkened, the stage was in half-light, the band and chorus, or the full dramatic company were there, hating the task which they dared not decline, and in the Royal box sat the King in solitary state. At other times, when the snow lay deep on the mountain roads near his castle, the peasantry would be startled by the sound of sleigh-bells in the night, and, looking out, would see a wonderful equipage passing rapidly by. It was the King's sleigh, a costly and fanciful vehicle of strange shape and marvellous decoration,

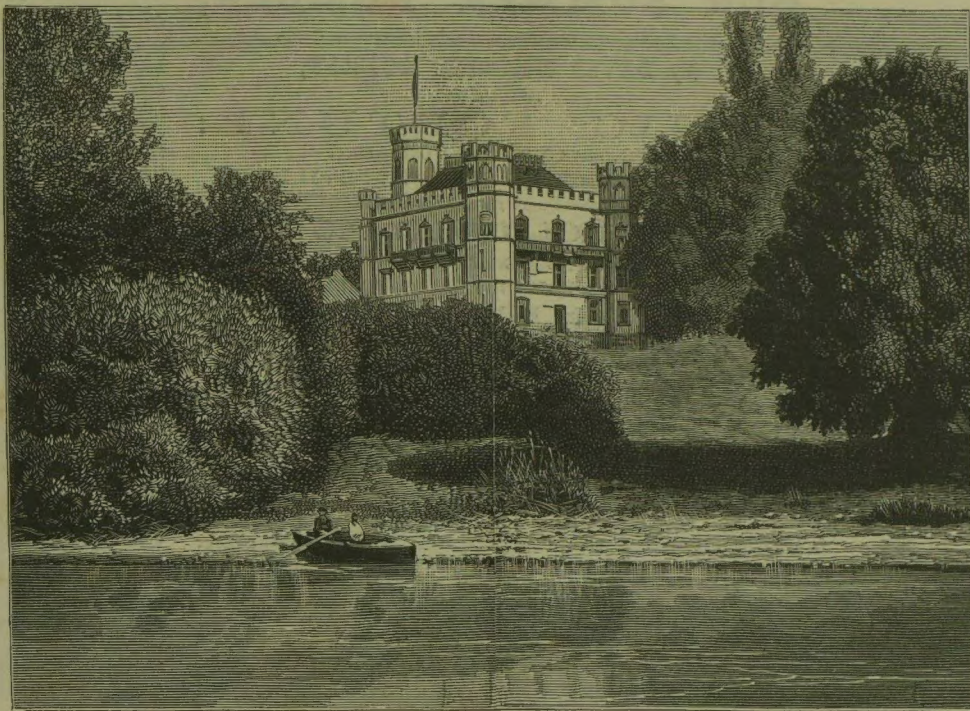


THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA LYING IN STATE.



OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE AT MUNICH, DURING THE LYING IN STATE.

lighted by electricity, and drawn by galloping horses. Alone, with his coachman, he would sit there, absolutely silent. But this, too, was a comparatively harmless craze. What was not harmless, and what at last led his Ministers and his people to see that measures must be taken to put an end to the scandal, was his refusal to take any part whatever in public business, which only recently became practical abdication, and was of course enough to justify interference. The Ministers and Council of State resorted to the King's uncle, Prince Luitpold, third son of King Louis I., and heir apparent to the throne; he is a man of sixty-five, holding high military rank, and has had some political and official experience. A stop was at once put to the costly buildings that were going on by the King's orders at Hohenschwangau, and on the Chiemsee Lake, where palaces rivalling Versailles were in course of construction. A fortnight ago, Baron Von Crailheim, Minister for Foreign Affairs and of the Royal Household, together with Count Holstein, Great Equerry, and Baron Von Malsen, Grand Marshal of the Court, proceeded to notify to King Louis that the interests of the country and the dynasty rendered it indispensable that a Regent should be appointed. The King was very angry, and put the Ministers under arrest. The next step was that Prince Luitpold issued a proclamation announcing his assumption of the Regency, the members of the commission of medical men to report on the health of the King having arrived at the conclusion that his Majesty's health no longer permitted him to transact affairs of State. The Government being legally reconstituted, a decree was quickly passed for taking safe custody of his Majesty's person; and he was accordingly removed, not without some gentle compulsion, from Hohenschwangau, in the Bavarian highlands, to the Castle of Berg, on the Wurmsee or Starnberg Lake, at Starnberg, distant about twenty miles from Munich, to the south of that city. The attendants of the unfortunate King by this time were perfectly well aware that his affliction had taken the form of suicidal monomania. Dr. Von Gudden, a distinguished physician, to whose care the Royal patient was handed over at Hohenschwangau, was repeatedly pressed by the King to let him ascend the lofty tower of the Castle—a request which the doctor refused, suspecting that it was his Majesty's intention to throw himself from the summit. A day or two after his arrival at the Castle of Berg, on Sunday, the 13th inst., the King, who thus far had unquestionably submitted to the treatment prescribed, expressed a wish to have a row on the Starnberg Lake, near the grounds of the castle. His chief medical attendant, Dr. Von Gudden, assented, on the condition that he should accompany him. In the evening, at a quarter to seven, the King left the castle, accompanied only by Dr. Von Gudden, having requested the latter to leave the attendants behind. At eleven that night, the bodies of the King and the physician were found in the lake, about fifty paces from the shore, in about five feet of water, and near a bench where his Majesty sat in the morning. Dr. Von Gudden must have been forced beneath the surface during the struggle,



THE CASTLE OF BERG, ON THE STARNBERG LAKE,
THE LAST RESIDENCE OF THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.



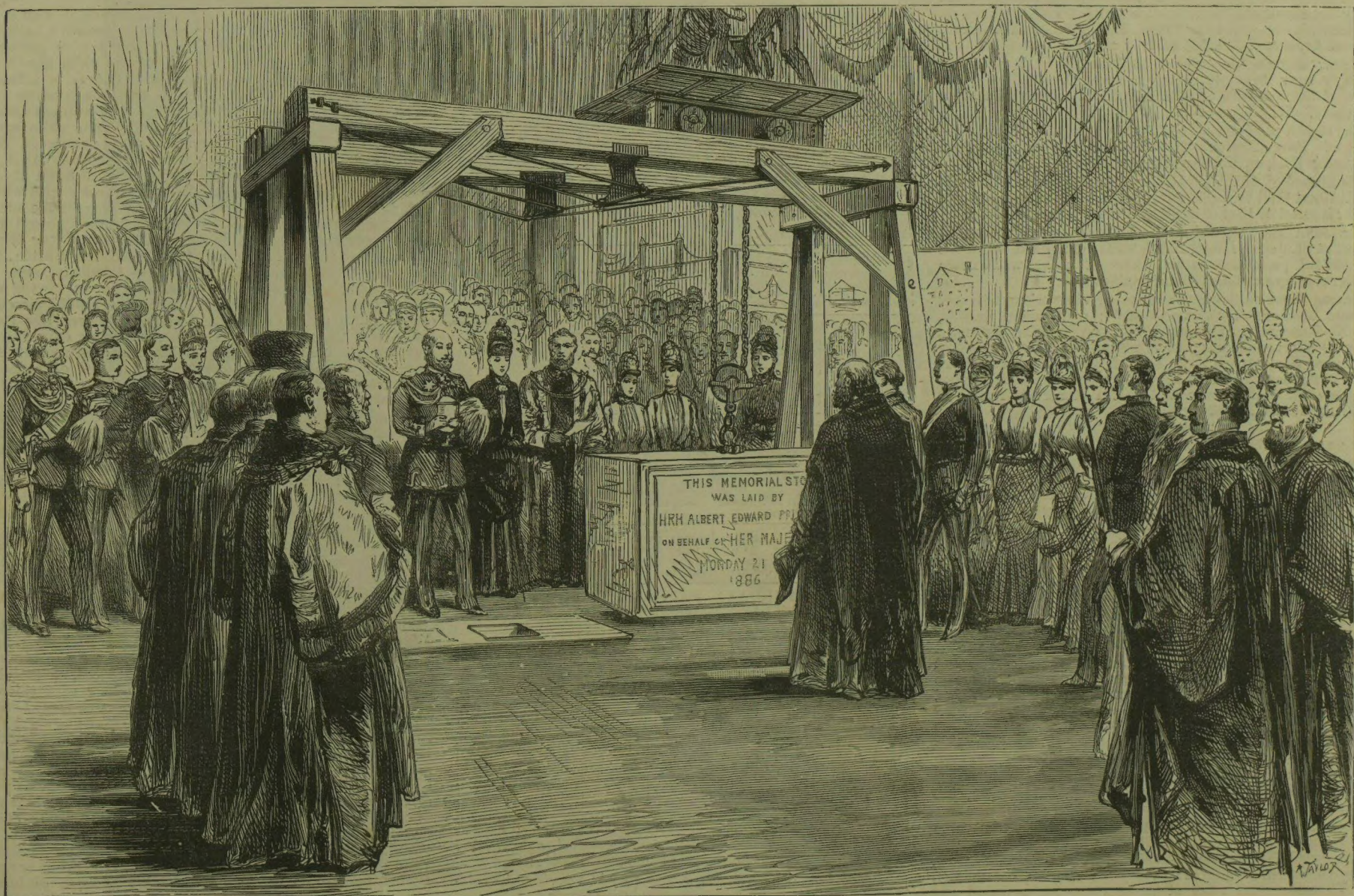
THE LATE MAHARAJAH HOLKAR,
RULER OF INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA.

as the King's footmarks can be traced further than those of the doctor. The umbrellas of both the deceased, and the King's coat and overcoat, which were evidently torn from his body, were lying on the bank. Dr. Von Gudden's forehead and cheek show marks of the King's fingernails, proving that there must have been a desperate struggle between them, Dr. Von Gudden wrestling with the King, who was a much younger and stronger man, being indeed of remarkable stature and bodily vigour. There can be no doubt that it was a case of determined suicide under the influence of mental derangement. The King's body was conveyed to Munich on the Monday evening, and a post-mortem examination was made by the surgeons, which showed traces of extensive and long-standing disease of the brain. The body was laid in state, on Wednesday, in the Court Chapel of the old Palace; it was dressed in a Field-Marshal's uniform, partly covered with a velvet pall, only the face, arms, and hands being visible; it lay on a catafalque surmounted by gold and silver candlesticks, and overlaid with wreaths of evergreens, white roses, and jasmine; while twenty-four halberdiers stood on guard. A large number of persons, not only courtiers, but citizens of Munich, and peasants from the country, who seem to have cherished great affection for the King and the Royal family, visited the

chapel or strove to get admittance at the doors of the Palace. On Sunday last, the funeral service was celebrated by the Archbishop of Munich, assisted by the highest clergy from all parts of Bavaria. The German Crown Prince and his son Prince William, the Austrian Archduke Charles Louis, the Duke of Aosta, and representatives of all the German and of several foreign Monarchs, were present at the funeral. In accordance with the Bavarian Constitution, the late King's brother, Prince Otto, although suffering from mental derangement, has become King, under the Regency of Prince Luitpold.

THE LATE MAHARAJAH HOLKAR.

The independent Mahratta State of Indore, in Central India, is one of the Native Principalities most closely allied to the British Indian Empire. It has just lost, by death from a long illness, its able and successful ruler, the well-known "Holkar," whose proper name was Tukaji Rao, and who was about fifty-four years of age. He was selected for the throne by the British Government as far back as 1843, being then eleven years of age. In 1852 he was declared of age, and ascended the seat of the Holkars of Indore, since which period he has ruled his people with much capacity, enriching himself by commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing speculations, and has observed towards the paramount Power a friendliness and loyalty externally unbroken. Under Jeswunt Rao the House of Holkar rose to great eminence, and even defied the British; but Lord Lake, by a series of marches and battles, completely broke his power in April, 1805. This Indore State has an area of 8075 square miles, with a population approaching a million souls.



THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE TOWER BRIDGE ON MONDAY.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" was given for the first time this season on Thursday week. The book is founded on Victor Hugo's play of "Angelo," and is written by Arrigo Boito, the author and composer of "Mefistofele"; the poet-composer adopting, in his literary capacity, the nom de plume of Tobia Gorrio, an anagram on his real name. "La Gioconda" was first produced at La Scala, Milan, in 1876, having afterwards been reproduced, with modifications. It obtained great success in Italy and Russia, and was brought out at our Royal Italian Opera-House in 1883, with Madame Marie Durand in the title-character, as in Continental performances. On Thursday week Mdlle. Teodorini sustained the part of La Gioconda with great success, having largely enhanced the favourable impression made by her recent debut here as Valentina in "Les Huguenots." The lady, in the recent instance, sang and acted with genuine dramatic feeling, and the tremolo in her voice was much less observable than on the former occasions; Madame Scalchi, as La Cieca (the blind mother of La Gioconda), gave her music with intense yet unexaggerated pathos, and Mdlle. Lubatovi, as Laura, was graceful and earnest. Signor D'Andrade sang and acted finely as Barnaba, and Signor Runcio was efficient as Enzo, although he undertook the part at very short notice. Other characters call for no specific mention.

On Saturday, Madame Albani appeared as Violetta in "La Traviata," the cast having included Signor Pandolfini as the elder Germont, and Signor Runcio as Alfredo.

On Tuesday, "Linda di Chamouni" was given, and Miss Ella Russell obtained a fresh success in her performance in the title-character. Signor Carbone made his first appearance here, as the Marquis, and was favourably received. The part of Pierotto was, as heretofore, finely rendered by Madame Scalchi; Signori Pandolfini, Monti, and Runcio having been, respectively, very efficient representatives of Antonio, the Prefect, and Carlo. The performance generally was a very good one.

The Saturday morning performance of "Faust," announced for last week, was postponed to this Saturday.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will end its brief season at Drury-Lane Theatre this (Saturday) evening, with a repetition of "Carmen," which, as heretofore, has proved a special success during the present series of performances. "Frisoli," the new opera by M. Hervé, is to be produced by Mr. Augustus Harris at Drury-Lane Theatre next Monday evening.

Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, Signor Foli, and other eminent artists contributed to a concert at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, when the excellent orchestra directed by Mr. Manns took part in the programme.

Herr Franke's benefit concert at the Royal Albert Hall last week consisted of performances of extracts from most of Wagner's opera-dramas, in chronological order.

The concerts of the Russian choir at St. James's Hall last week consisted of highly interesting performances of national music, under the direction of Mr. Slaviansky, a Russian gentleman, formerly in the army. He and his wife, Madame Olga Slaviansky, have devoted their attention to the organisation of the choir, and the collection and arrangement of the music performed by them. This is in itself of much interest, both musically and historically, and was rendered with great effect by the admirably trained chorists. A third concert was announced for yesterday (Friday) evening.

Mr. Charles Hallé has nearly finished his series of interesting chamber-music concerts at Prince's Hall. The sixth, and last but two, took place last Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Hallé's refined pianoforte playing and Madame Norman-Néruda's skill as leading violinist contributed to a varied programme, in which Mr. L. Ries, Herr Straus, and Mr. E. Howell co-operated.

Mr. Ralph and Madame Kate Roberts (Mrs. Ralph)—both highly esteemed, respectively, as a skilled violinist and an excellent pianist—gave an interesting concert of chamber music at Prince's Hall last Thursday evening.

Signor Mancinelli's concert at Prince's Hall yesterday (Friday) week brought forward some effective orchestral pieces of his composition, and introduced Signor Galeotti, a youthful pianist of great skill.

The eighth performance and last but one of the thirteenth series of Herr Franke's Richter concerts took place at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening.

The second of Mr. Ambrose Austin's Patti concerts at the Royal Albert Hall took place this week, with a programme of similar interest to that of the first occasion, already noticed.

Mr. John Thomas, the eminent harpist, gave his annual concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when his own skilful performances and those of other well-known artists made up an attractive entertainment.

Among the miscellaneous concerts of the week was that of Madame Liebhart, at St. James's Hall; of Fraulein Ravoth, Herr Niederberger, and Herr Hellmich, on Thursday morning, at the Beethoven Rooms; of Mr. S. Lehmyer, on Thursday evening, at St. George's Hall; and of Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, to-day (Saturday), at the Marlborough Rooms. Next Monday afternoon Mr. E. H. Thorne will give a pianoforte recital at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter entertained at luncheon last Tuesday, at Bearwood, a large number of Colonial visitors. The party, to the number of about one hundred, were conveyed to and from Bearwood by a special South-Western train.

The forty-sixth annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will begin at Birmingham on Sept. 1, Sir William Dawson, Principal of the McGill College, Montreal, Canada, being the president.

Last week 2237 births and 1182 deaths were registered in London. Compared with the corresponding weeks of the last ten years, the births were 359 and the deaths 262 below the average.

The Archbishop of York presided on Tuesday at the annual meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and urged that the society should be furnished with a larger income, to enable it to publish more of the valuable information it had accumulated.

An amateur dramatic performance of "Uncle's Will" and "The Parvenu," in aid of the building fund of the Great Northern Central Hospital, will be given at St. George's Hall next Tuesday, under the distinguished patronage of Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, the Duchess of Westminster, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and many others.

A notice issued by the Post Office states that on and from July 1 parcels not exceeding 11 lb. in weight will be received at any post-office in the United Kingdom for transmission to the Australian colonies of New South Wales, South Australia, and Victoria. The rates of postage are for a parcel not exceeding 2 lb., 2s.; for each pound or fraction of a pound, 1s. The dimensions are the same as for the inland parcels post.

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BIRTH.

On the 13th inst., at Fairwater, Double Bay, Sydney, N.S.W., the wife of Francis E. Joseph, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 12th inst., at Redenhall church, by the Ven. Archdeacon Perowne, Rector of the parish, assisted by the Rev. C. T. Cruttwell, Rector of Denton, W. Hamilton Pemberton, of Denton House, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late W. Sanicroft Holmes, of Gaudy Hall, Norfolk.

. The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for Eight Days, Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Week-day from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

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From Victoria, 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge, 8 p.m.
Fares: Single, 4s. 2s. 1s.; Return, 5s. 4s. 3s.

A spacious and commodious Station has been constructed on the new East Quay at Newhaven, wherein passengers will find every possible convenience and comfort.

The Normandy and Brittany, Splendid Fast Paddle-steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.

A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time Book, to be obtained

at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station; and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's & Ludgate-circus Office.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—TOURIST,

Fortnightly, and Friday or Saturday to Tuesday Tickets are issued by all Trains to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer. A CHEAP DAY TRIP to the SEASIDE.—To CLACTON-ON-SEA, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Harwich, DAILY, leaving LIVERPOOL STREET at 9.10 a.m. on Sundays, 8.30 a.m. on Mondays, and 7.50 a.m. on other days.

For full particulars see Bills. London, June, 1885. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF

MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity.

The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO.

on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year.

MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most

direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Right by Mountain Railway from Arth Station, of the Altdorf line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages. Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New

Pictures.—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeus at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE,

completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM. Painted by

F. SARGENT.—This magnificent Picture, together with "The House of Lords," containing over 300 Portraits, painted from special sittings, of Her Majesty, the Royal Family, the aristocracy, and others, is ON VIEW at the GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street. Ten to Seven. Admission, One Shilling.

GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street, in

connection with the above, Exhibition of upwards of 1000 ORIGINAL CABINET PAINTINGS and WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, painted by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.; F. H. Yeames, R.A.; Wilnot Pilsbury, &c. The Pictures in this section may be purchased at moderate prices. No extra charge for admission.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—Madame ADELINA PATTI.

Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN has the honour to announce that his THIRD GRAND MORNING CONCERT (the last but one) will take place SATURDAY, JULY 3, at Three o'clock. Artists:—Madame Adelina Patti and Madame Trebelli; Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley. Violin, Signor Albertini. Full orchestra. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins. Accompanist, Signor Basaccia. Tickets, 15s., 10s., 6d., 7s., 5s., 3s., and 2s. (Boxes, five guineas to two guineas), may be obtained at the Royal Albert Hall; at agents; and at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

COLONIAL and INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN. Executive President of the Royal Commission—His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.

Illustration of the Products and Resources of the British Empire.

OPEN DAILY from Ten a.m. to Ten p.m. On Wednesdays and Saturdays open till Eleven p.m. Admission, 1s. Daily: Wednesdays, 2s. 6d. Military Bands and Illuminated Fountains and Gardens Daily, and occasional Concerts in the Royal Albert Hall.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY

IRVING.—FAUST, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY), FAUST, at TWO O'CLOCK, and

SATURDAYS, JULY 3, 10, 17, and 24, at Two o'clock. On these SATURDAYS the Theatre will be closed at Night. Box-office open.

HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL

and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, JIM, THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Yount, Bart. Eighteenth Performance. Messrs. Bacre, J. H. Bacre, Tree, Surden, &c. Miss Helen Leyton, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monckton. Seats can be booked in advance, from Ten till Five. No fees.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

Lessee and Manager.—CLITO, an original Tragedy by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett, EVERY EVENING at Eight. Scenery by W. Tebbin, Stafford Hall, and Walter Hann. Music by Mr. Edward Jones. Costumes by Madame Auguste and V. Barthe. Archaeology of the Tragedy by E. W. Godwin, F.S.A. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Clydes, Hudson, A. Melford, Fulton, Bernage, Elliott, Barrington, De Solha, Carson, &c.; Misses Glore, Wilson, Garth, Belmore, and Miss Eastlake. Box-office 9.30 till Five. No fees. Carriages at 10.45. Business Manager, Mr. John Colbhe.

Mr. C. J. Bristowe, of Trinity Hall, has been elected president of the Cambridge University Boat Club, as successor to Mr. Pitman; and Mr. L. Muttelbury, of Trinity, secretary.

About four thousand troops took part in a review at Portsmouth yesterday week, and at its conclusion General Sir George Willis, commanding the district, presented the Egyptian medal to eight officers and fifty-two men of the Royal Marines.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

On June 28 it is forty-eight years since the Coronation of the youthful maiden who has now entered on the fiftieth year of her splendid reign. There are still many persons living who can well remember the extraordinary enthusiasm which greeted the young Queen. It was felt that here was, at least, a Sovereign who came to the Throne with a clear record, and from whom therefore much might be hoped without irrationality. Nobly has Victoria fulfilled those anticipations. All that one in her exalted station could do to purify manners and to exalt goodness her Majesty has done, both by example and encouragement; while her tact, adaptability, and wisdom have given assistance to her statesmen, and helped to preserve the stability of our institutions in the midst of social and political changes vaster than the world ever saw happen before in the same space of time. I always extol the well-known virtues and abilities of our Sovereign with the more satisfaction because it must reasonably be admitted that the success of our women Sovereigns in the performance of their high functions tends to indicate that lesser women also, in their lower spheres, would do equal service to the State were the way open to them.

There was an amusing difficulty encountered on the coronation of the Queen. As Sovereign, she was the head of the Order of the Garter, and had to wear the tokens of that rank on state occasions. But it was so long since there had been a Queen Regnant (of course, a Queen Consort is not a K.G.) that the manner in which a female Sovereign should wear the insignia was lost in the mists of antiquity. The Garter, it was known, was to be worn by a female Knight on the arm—but on which arm? In these little-great matters, it is of overwhelming consequence that precedent should be strictly observed. So a special commission was constituted to examine into this important point: On which arm must Queen Victoria wear her Garter?

Now, be it known to all men that the deprivation of the Garter is one of our wrongs. There was a time when we women could be Knights of the Most Noble Order, just as there was a time when great ladies, by their own writ, returned members to Parliament; and there was a time when a wealthy man could not leave all his lands away from the partner of his life, wives having a Right of Dower. In fact, most of our modern "women's rights" demands are only a request for the restitution to us (though in a form according with the democratic constitution of modern society) of the recognised rights of the great ladies of older days. Common men were serfs in those days; and the women of their class, of course, had no more legal recognition than the men. But the ladies of the ruling houses had, in those days, their full share of power and of the privileges of their station. Democratic progress has given rights in law and in politics to the once despised villains, and all that we ask is that the women of their rank shall share with them in this progress. Meantime, the special privileges of rank have been removed from the great dames. If ever great ladies care to ask for the Garter, they have the claim of precedent on their side.

In Oxfordshire, at Eweline, not far from the banks of the Thames, there is one of the finest old churches in the country. It was greatly beautified by Alice De la Pole, Countess of Suffolk, widow of the murdered friend of King Henry VI. That great dame, a large heiress in her own right, as well as the wife of the most powerful noble of his time, was a Knight of the Garter. She died in 1475. Her handsome effigy, evidently done from life, is to be seen in perfect preservation on the top slab of her tomb, clad in all the panoply of her state; while a naked skeleton, carved in stone with the utmost fidelity to nature, is visible beneath through the groinings and pillars which support the upper slab of the fine Gothic monument. The dressed portrait-figure of the Countess wears the Garter on the left arm: and it was in accordance with the precedent there set forth that her Majesty donned the insignia of her rank as Sovereign of the Most Noble Order.

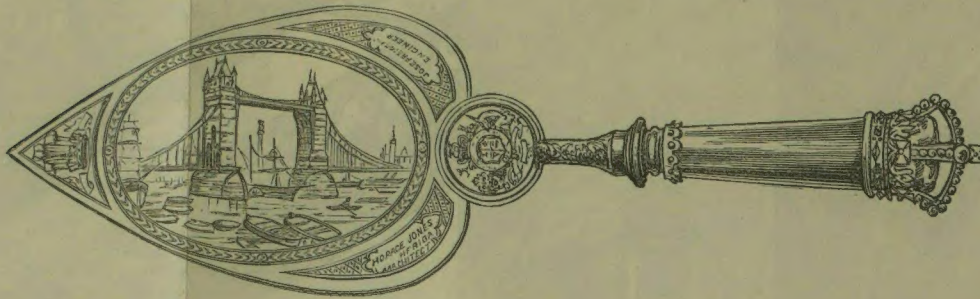
One of the few disadvantages under which it used to be thought a man who had the bad taste to remain a bachelor must always labour, was that he could not give parties—except those odious purely masculine dinners which have been specifically called "bachelors' parties." But it is actually coming about that some of these audacious beings are beginning to openly challenge the notion that ordinary society demands a hostess. I had an invitation a little while ago—"Mr. Woodall, M.P., at home"—which I could not accept. This week, I have been to a "musical afternoon" given by Mr. A. M. Broadley, the well-known counsel who defended Arabi Pasha. The party was remarkable not only for the success with which it was conducted without a lady's help, but also for the music. The superb voice of Madame Marie Roze is rarely heard in a drawing-room, but upon this occasion she sang four times, including a piece of "Carmen." Miss Marian Burton, the charming Cherubino of the Carl Rosa Company, sang an equal number of songs, including one from her part in the new opera "The Troubadour." M. Wilhelm Ganz had the direction of the music; and Signor Carpi and Mr. Scovell also sang. Mr. Alfred Capper gave some thought-reading experiments, and Mr. Cecil Round displayed his new portrait of Mr. Broadley. The prettily decorated rooms, full of relics of Arabi and other curiosities, were crowded. Here are some of the dresses:—

Elizabeth, Countess of Harrington, was in black silk. Lady Fanny Fitzwygram had a costume of embroidered tussore silk, with a tablier of fine lace, and a panel at the left side of elaborately twisted thick brown cord. Lady Anna Chandos Pole had a black dress embroidered with silver. Madame Gabrielli had a costume of white soft silk. Madame Marie Roze was beautifully dressed, as usual. Her gown was a bodice and full draperies of moss green faille Française, with a draped tablier of an indescribably gorgeous embroidered gauze. Miss Marian Burton's pretty gown was in the unusual combination of navy blue and salmon pink, the latter colour peeping between the broad box-pleats of the blue satin, and helping to form drapery at the top of the skirt.

The Princess of Wales wore a white bird in her bonnet at Ascot. Bad news for the Plumage League! Lady Mount-Temple should have begun her campaign for the birds by converting her Royal Highness. It is, indeed, mournful to hear of the scale upon which the slaughter of fashion is carried on upon the poor feathered tribes. One large London wholesale house the other day sent out a catalogue specifying the bodies of 306,000 birds. There was recently an advertisement issued in an Irish newspaper for 12,000 dead sea-gulls. Nearly 800,000 American and Indian birds, including over 6000 birds of paradise, were sold, in three months of last year, at one London trade auction-room. But while I admit that it is sad so many bright lives should be roughly ended, and that the world should be denuded of so many of its prettiest and gayest inhabitants, merely to minister to female vanity, I can never hear a gentleman remarking severely against our sex on this score, without longing to ask him if he eats pheasants and grouse? If he ever tasted that most inexcusable of epicures' mouthfuls, roast larks? Or if he goes partridge-shooting in the autumn? F. F. M.

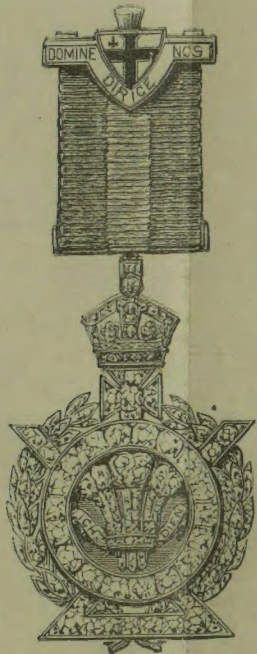
THE TOWER BRIDGE.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Princesses Louise, Maud, and Victoria of Wales, laid the foundation or memorial stone of the intended new bridge over the Thames, at Irongate Stairs, near the Tower of London, on Monday last. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess Victoria of Teck, were of the Royal party. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their son and daughters, went from Marlborough House, through Pall-mall, Duncannon-street, the Strand, Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, Cannon-street, Eastcheap, and Trinity-square, to the Tower. In many parts of this route,

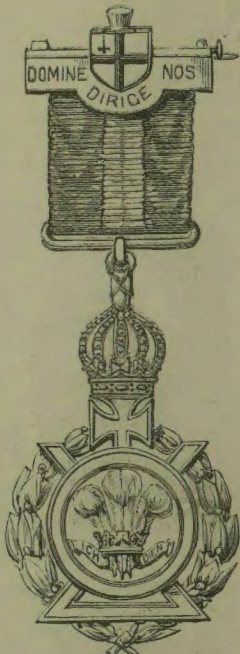


TROWEL USED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE TOWER BRIDGE.

especially in the City, on Ludgate-hill, in Cannon-street, and Eastcheap, there was a good display of flags, crimson hangings, and other decorations; and their Royal Highnesses, who were in closed carriages, were heartily cheered by a continual crowd of spectators. They had an escort of the 2nd Life Guards. At the Tower, they were received by the Constable, Field-Marshal Sir Richard Dacres, the Lieutenant-General Lord Chelmsford, and the Major, Lieutenant-General Milman, who conducted them, through lines of soldiers and "beefeaters," to a pavilion decorated with gold and crimson. Here they were met by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, the officers of the City Corporation, and the Bridge House Estates Committee, in their robes of municipal dignity. A large



MEMORIAL DECORATION GIVEN TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.



BADGE WORN BY THE BRIDGE HOUSE ESTATES COMMITTEE.

company of ladies and gentlemen was here assembled; and the lady pupils of the Guildhall School of Music formed a choir of vocalists, supported by the band of the Coldstream Guards. A procession in due order conducted their Royal Highnesses to the dais erected behind the site of the memorial-stone, where they took their places, with the Lady Mayoress to the right hand of the Prince of Wales, and the Lord Mayor to the left of the Princess. The Recorder, Sir Thomas Chambers, read an address from the Corporation, stating the plan of the new bridge; the Prince of Wales read a brief reply, and was presented with a trowel, which he used in spreading the mortar on the stone; a vase containing papers and coins was deposited in a cavity, and the stone was lowered to its site; the sword and mace were laid across its top; the Bishop of London pronounced a dedicatory prayer; a Royal salute was fired by the Tower guns; and the choir sang the National Anthem. The chairman of the Bridge House Estates Committee (Mr. E. Atkinson), the City architect (Mr. Horace Jones), and the engineer (Mr. J. Wolfe Barry), with Alderman William Lawrence and other members of the Corporation, were presented to his Royal Highness; and the Princess of Wales accepted the gift of a commemorative gold ornament set with diamonds. We give an illustration of this ornament, and one of the gold badge worn by members of the committee; as well as of the trowel, which was specially designed by the City architect, and manufactured by Messrs. George Edward and Son, of No. 1, Poultry, as well as the gold badge and the jewelled ornament, from their own design. This decoration exhibits a representation of the Prince of Wales's feathers, with the Imperial crown above, in rubies, emeralds, and diamonds; while the circle intersected by a crosslet is the emblem of the Bridge House Committee. It is suspended from an enamel brooch displaying the City arms.

Our large Engraving shows the design of the intended new bridge, the same which was sanctioned by the House of Commons, and which received the Royal Assent last August. Two massive towers, of quasi-Gothic character, with turrets and tapering roofs, will support the bridge, opening at the centre, to be lifted, drawbridge fashion, on either side, by machinery which the towers severally will contain. High over all will be a fixed footway, about 130 ft. above Trinity high-water mark. For ordinary river traffic the headway will be the same as that of London Bridge. With such a height, the largest shipping will be enabled to pass through. In the towers on either side lifts will be provided, as well as an internal staircase, for the use of foot-passengers. These lifts communicate immediately with the upper footway, so that the pedestrian traffic will never be interrupted. The centre part

of the bridge, when open, will be raised flush with the piers, thus leaving a clear opening or freeway of 200 ft. for the shipping. The approach-roads and footway will have a width of 60 ft., and the centre span will be nearly 50 ft. wide. Suspension rods will carry the two land spans, north and south, respectively, of the towers, which are to be of red brick with stone dressings, and will rest on grey granite piers, up to the parapet line. The time occupied in opening the bridge and in closing it, for the passage of a vessel, need not be more than five minutes. Mr. Horace Jones, the City architect, Past President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has designed the bridge; while Mr. J. Wolfe Barry, M.I.C.E., the engineer, is to be credited with the mechanical arrangements, and it will be constructed under their joint superintendence.

The contractor is Mr. John Jackson, of Westminster; the estimate for the work is £750,000, and it will be completed in three or four years.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise of Battenberg, drove to Braemar yesterday week in an open carriage drawn by four greys. From Braemar the drive was extended to Mar Lodge,

where luncheon was served, after which the party drove to the Quich, the Queen and Princess also visiting Mrs. Clark, at Allanquich House. The weather was magnificent, the temperature being 65 deg. in the shade. Sunday being the anniversary of her Majesty's accession, on which day the Queen entered the fiftieth year of her reign, she received many congratulations from all parts of her kingdom, as well as from her household. Divine service was conducted at the castle by the Rev. A. Campbell, of Crathie, in the presence of the Queen, the Princesses, and the Royal household. There was a special service at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen and Common Councilmen attending; and special reference to the day was also made in various places of worship in the metropolis. The eve of her Majesty's jubilee year was celebrated in the Inner Temple last Saturday night, when a distinguished company, including Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, responded to the invitation of Mr. Staveley Hill, M.P., the treasurer, and Benchers. Several old songs and ballads were sung by the Temple choir, and amateur performances of "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Twelfth Night" were given. The president asked the Princess to convey to her gracious mother the expression of their loyalty. On Monday the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to the Glassalt Shiel. It has been officially notified that the Queen will personally review the troops at Aldershot on the occasion of a military display to be held at the camp on July 2, and that her Majesty will be accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family. This review is intended to be the grandest military display of the year.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Louise of Wales left Marlborough House last Saturday afternoon for Easton Lodge, Dunmow, on a visit to Lord and Lady Brooke. Their Royal Highnesses returned to Marlborough House on Monday morning. Prince Albert Victor and other members of the Royal family were present last Saturday at the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall. The Prince, on behalf of the Queen, laid the foundation-stone of the new Tower Bridge on Monday. His Royal Highness, who was accompanied by the Princess of Wales and four of their children, and other members of the Royal family, was enthusiastically received as he passed through the City. The Princess and Prince Albert Victor were present at the performance of "The Schoolmistress" at the Court Theatre in the evening. On Tuesday the Prince, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Connaught, visited Brighton, to install the Duke of Connaught as Provincial Grand Master of Sussex. A banquet, over which the Prince presided, was afterwards held in the Corn Exchange. In the evening his Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor (both being in Highland dress), was present at the annual Royal Caledonian fancy dress ball for the benefit of the Royal Caledonian Asylum and the Royal Scottish Hospital, at the New Club, Covent-garden. The Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise of Wales, occupied the Queen's box at the Royal Italian Opera. Next Thursday the Prince and Princess will visit Hoxton, to open the block of industrial dwellings erected in Chatham-gardens by the Joint Estates trustees of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and St. Luke, City-road.

Princess Mary Adelaide opened a bazaar on Tuesday at Niddry Lodge, Campden-hill, Kensington, in aid of the fund for liquidating the debt in connection with the old Kensington Coffee-Tavern.

Holloway College, which is to be opened by the Queen next Wednesday, is to be styled the Royal Holloway College. On Saturday the college was visited by a large company, on the invitation of Mr. G. Martin-Holloway.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, and Sir Daniel Cooper have been appointed to act for the New South Wales Government in connection with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, in consequence of the death of Sir Alexander Stuart.

Last Saturday, in the presence of and assisted by the members of the Highgate Gospel Temperance Help-One-Another Society, Mr. William Green, of Bishopwood House, Highgate, the president of the society, destroyed his cellar of wine, about 2500 bottles, valued at about £600.

An electric primary battery, with its simplicity and freedom from noise and vibration, has always been looked upon as the ideal source of electricity for domestic lighting; but it has hitherto been attended with such difficulties as regards cost of material, handling of acids, obnoxious fumes, and other matters, &c., as to be practically unserviceable. Messrs. Woodhouse and Rawson, of the Electric Manufacturing Company, Hammersmith, have, however, introduced a battery, known as the Upward Battery, free from all these objections, it being distinctly different both in principle and form, from all other primary batteries. Hence it can be recommended as a ready, practical, and economical generator of electricity for domestic and other purposes, affording the full benefits of the electric light under circumstances which do not admit of mechanical plant being employed. Some experiments recently made with the Upward Battery have been most satisfactory. Its action is said to be constant, and the amount of attention required is limited to the half-yearly renewal of the zinc plates.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, June 22.

The question of the Princes continues to be the chief topic in the political world. The state of affairs is briefly this: M. de Freycinet came before the Chamber with a bill by the terms of which the Government would have had the right to exile by decree such of the Princes as it might consider dangerous; this bill would have been a warning to the Princes to re-enter the ranks, and not to pose as pretenders. The Extreme Left, in conformity with the inspiration of M. Clemenceau, proposed, on the contrary, the immediate expulsion of all the Princes. The Chamber adopted a middle course: a compromise was arrived at, and so a bill of exile was voted against the heads of ex-reigning families and their direct heirs. The Committee of the Senate appointed to examine and report upon this bill was composed of six members hostile to the bill and three in favour of it; nevertheless, it was believed that the Senate would, after all, accept the bill as voted by the Chamber. The debate, which began yesterday, attracted great interest. It was continued this afternoon, and the bill for the expulsion of the Princes was passed by 141 votes to 107.

The tragi-comedy of Decazeville has come to an end. The strike ceased almost on the same day that judgment was passed against the assassins of the engineer Watrin. The strike has resulted in an immense loss for the company, and in ruin for the workmen; in the combat there is no victor. The masters and the miners are both wounded. The persons who have profited by the strike are the innkeepers and drink-sellers, certain journalists, certain politicians, and certain barristers, who have had the bad taste to celebrate their sad victory by banquets and songs. In the history of the present French Republic no more striking instance has been seen of the harm that can be done by intelligent men who sacrifice everything to their thirst for popularity at any price than the interference of the deputies Laguerre, Basly, Millerand, Camelinat, and of certain Radical journalists, in fomenting and prolonging this strike. The jury of Rodez passed a very weak and timid verdict upon the ten persons accused of the assassination of Watrin: six were acquitted, and four were condemned to terms of imprisonment varying from five to eight years.

Paris continues to be dull and miserable, and the weather rainy, cold, and almost wintry. The summer industries of open-air cafés-concerts, floating baths on the Seine, open-air restaurants, promenade concerts, and the rest are threatened with ruin, for their season is irremediably compromised. The farmers are losing their hay crops, the sportsmen are lamenting the drowning of young partridges, the vine-growers are fearing lest their harvest be spoiled. As for going to the seaside or the country, it is out of the question. There is absolutely nothing to be done and nothing to be seen.

Daniel Douglas Home died at Auteuil yesterday. This curious person was born in Scotland, emigrated to America, and while still a young man returned to Europe and settled at Florence, where the strangeness of the phenomena which he produced caused him to be taken for a sorcerer, and nearly cost him his life. From Florence he came to Paris, where he was received at the Tuileries, and for several years the Parisians talked of nothing but Home, the medium. At other Courts, and particularly in Russia, where he was accompanied by Alexandre Dumas, Home was feted, and his prodigies were the marvel of all. Even scientific men concerned themselves with the famous medium, and it was upon Home that the savant William Crookes began his experiments and investigations in psychic force. Home was fifty-three years of age.

The recent Census operations have enabled us to remark some curious facts as regards the population of Paris. The number of foreigners living in the French capital is greater than the number in any other capital, and even in any seaport town. Out of every 1000 inhabitants in Paris, 360 are natives, 565 are Frenchmen born in other parts of France, and 75 are foreigners, of whom the greater part are Belgians. In Berlin and Trieste, for instance, there are only 13 foreigners per 1000 inhabitants. The Parisians, it appears, live to be very old. The Census of 1881 showed that there were twenty centenarians in the city; 6386 persons over 80 years of age; 2747 between 85 and 90; 640 over 90; and 138 over 95 years of age. The last Census also showed that at Paris there were 42,646 painters, sculptors, engravers, musicians, and actors, of whom 20,000 were women. In the population of Paris, the proportion of adults is greater than it is in any other city in the world.

Last week, in accordance with the regulations of the Concordat, President Grévy, with the usual ceremony, placed the Cardinal's hat upon the heads of three newly created princes of the Church. Mgr. Bernadou, Cardinal-Archbishop of Sens, speaking in the name of the three new dignitaries, said that they would pray God "to make France always great and prosperous, and worthy of her noble title of eldest daughter of the Church. Our teaching, in the future as in the past, will be obedience to divine and human laws, and respect of established powers."

T. C.

The Emperor William left Berlin last Saturday for Ems.

After a protracted debate, the Greek Chamber passed by acclamation the Electoral Reform Bill, and having passed the Regency Bill, adjourned last Saturday until Oct. 22.

It is stated at Halifax that the Premier, the Hon. W. S. Fielding, has declared that the recent Government electoral victory implies dissatisfaction on the part of Nova Scotia with the Canadian Confederation.

His Highness Holkar, the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, died on Sunday. He had throughout his reign, which commenced in 1843, been a firm and loyal friend to the English. The son of the late Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, a boy six years old, and the eldest son of the late Maharajah Holkar of Indore have been peaceably proclaimed successors of these Princes. A regency will be appointed at Gwalior for the minority of the Prince.

Mr. John Young, the Mayor of Sydney, gave a banquet on Monday night in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of her Majesty's accession to the Throne, which was attended by a large and brilliant company.

Messrs. Wyman and Sons publish a small book, entitled "A Modern Orson, and other Tales," containing half-a-dozen stories, written with much pathos and power, by Carleton.

Mr. Edward Murray Ind, of the firm of Ind, Coope, and Co., will preside at the eightieth anniversary dinner in aid of the funds of the Licensed Victuallers' School, to take place at the Crystal Palace next Tuesday, the 29th inst. The institution wholly maintains, clothes, and educates 200 children.

Eight aisle windows, containing incidents in the life of our Lord, were unveiled at St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, who attended in state, on St. Botolph's Day; they were executed by Ward and Hughes, of 67, Frith-street. Four windows in the gallery, partly adapted by Moore and Co. from a window executed by Lavers and Barraud, were unveiled at the same time.



THE TOWER BRIDGE, TO BE ERECTED OVER THE THAMES: FOUNDATION-STONE LAID BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON MONDAY LAST.

OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN, BART.
Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, Bart., K.C.B., of Wallington, Northumberland, died on the 19th inst. He was born April 2, 1807, the fourth son of the Venerable George Trevelyan, Archdeacon of Taunton, by Harriet, his wife, daughter of Sir Richard Neave, Bart.; and grandson of Sir John Trevelyan, fourth Baronet, of Nettlecombe. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and at Haileybury; entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1826, and filled, with distinction, several important offices in India and at home. From 1840 to 1859 he was Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury; from 1859 to 1860, Governor of Madras; and from 1862 to 1865, Financial Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India. The Order of the Bath (K.C.B.) was conferred on him in 1848, and a Baronetcy in 1874. Sir Charles married, first, Dec. 23, 1834, Hannah More, daughter of Zachary Macaulay, and sister of Lord Macaulay, by whom (who died Aug. 5, 1873) he leaves two daughters, Margaret Jean, Lady Holland, and Alice Frances, widow of Mr. William Stratford Dugdale, M.P., of Merevale Hall; and one son, the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, second Baronet, M.P., eminent alike as a statesman and writer, who was born July 20, 1838, and married, Sept. 29, 1869, Caroline, daughter of Mr. Robert Needham Philips, M.P., of Welcombe, Warwickshire, by whom he has three sons. Sir Charles married, secondly, Oct. 14, 1875, Eleanor Anne, younger daughter of Mr. Walter Campbell (of the Islay family), but had no further issue.

SIR J. NUGENT HUMBLE, BART.
Sir John Nugent Humble, second Baronet, of Clonckorran, in the county of Waterford, J.P. and D.L., whose death is just announced, was born May 24, 1818, the only son of Sir John Nugent Humble, the first Baronet, by Mary Dobson, his wife, daughter of Mr. Robert Power, of Clashmore, M.P., succeeded his father in 1834, and married, in 1846, Elizabeth Philippa, only daughter of Mr. George Fosbery, of Clorane, in the county of Limerick, by whom he leaves five sons and two daughters. The eldest son, now Sir John Nugent Humble, third Baronet, born Jan. 10, 1849, married, July 15, 1875, Anastasia, sister of Count de la Poer, of Gurteen la Poer, formerly M.P. for the county of Waterford, and leaves two daughters. The late Baronet received his education at Christ Church, Oxford, and served as High Sheriff of his county in 1847.

SIR A. STUART.
Sir Alexander Stuart, K.C.M.G., the Executive Commissioner for New South Wales at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, died on the 16th inst., at his residence, 52, Stanhope-gardens, aged sixty-two. He was son of the late Mr. Alexander Stuart, of Edinburgh, and was long connected with New South Wales. From 1851 to 1853 he acted as general manager of the Bank at Sydney, and in the latter year joined the firm of R. Towns and Co., merchants, of Sydney and Melbourne. In 1861 he was elected President of the Bank of New South Wales, became Treasurer of the Colony in 1876, having two years previously been returned as member for East Sydney in the Legislative Assembly, and, finally, was Prime Minister and Colonial Secretary from 1883 to 1885. The order of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George was conferred on him in 1885. He married, in 1853, Christiana Eliza, daughter of Lieutenant John Wood, R.N.

SIR G. W. KELLNER.
Sir George Welsh Kellner, K.C.M.G., C.S.I., died at his residence in Pembroke-villas, Bayswater, on the 10th inst. He was born in 1825, the son of Mr. Francis Daniel Kellner, and entered the service of the Indian Government in 1841. He was employed in various parts of the East in connection with public departments; was Military Accountant-General of India, 1871 to 1877; Financial Commissioner and Member of Council in Cyprus, 1878; and, in 1884, Assistant Paymaster-General of the Supreme Court of Judicature in England. The decoration of Companion of the Star of India was given to him in 1877, and that of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George in 1879. He married, first, 1841, Caroline, daughter of Mr. Henry Gardener; and, secondly, 1882, Jane, daughter of Mr. F. B. Carter.

HOBERT PASHA.
The Hon. Augustus Charles Hobart Hampden, Vice-Admiral, Captain (retired) British Navy, and Admiral in the Turkish service, died on the 19th inst., of heart disease. He was born April 1, 1822, the third son of Augustus Edward, sixth Earl of Buckinghamshire, by Mary, his wife, sister of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Vaughan Williams. This distinguished officer, after passing some time in his own service, entered that of the Sultan, in which he gained high position and reputation. He became Musheer of the Turkish Navy and a Marshal of the Turkish Army, with the designation of "Hobart Pasha," and received the First Class of the orders of the Medjidieh and Osmanlie, the Grand Cordon of Franz Joseph of Austria, and the Legion of Honour. Hobart Pasha married, first, in 1848, Mary Anne, second daughter of Mr. Colquhoun Grant (which lady died April 13, 1877), and secondly, May 5, 1879, Edith Katherine, daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Hore, of Pole Hore, in the county of Wexford, but had no issue.

MR. EDMUND HAVILAND BURKE.
Mr. Edmund Haviland Burke, Barrister-at-Law, formerly M.P. for Christchurch, Hants, died on the 17th inst., aged fifty-one. He was only son of the late Mr. Thomas William Aston Haviland, of Penn, Bucks, who assumed by Royal license, in 1816, the additional surname of Burke, as nephew and representative of the illustrious statesman, Edmund Burke.

MR. FINLAY.
Mr. Alexander Struthers Finlay, of Castle Toward, in the county of Argyll, M.P. for that shire, in the Liberal interest, 1857 to 1868, J.P. and D.L., and a Commissioner of Supply, died on the 9th inst., in his eightieth year. He was son of Mr. Kirkman Finlay, formerly M.P. for Glasgow, by Janet, his wife, daughter of Mr. Robert Struthers, and was educated at Harrow and at the University of Glasgow. He married, 1840, Marion, daughter of the late Mr. Colin Campbell, of Colgrain, in the county of Dumbarton, and became a widower in 1865.

We have also to record the deaths of—
Major-General Lewis Guy Phillips, late Grenadier Guards on the 19th inst., at Bellevue, Fulham.
Mr. Benjamin Hemsworth, J.P., of Monk Fryston Hall, in the county of York, on the 8th inst., aged sixty-nine.
Major Edward Francis Knottesford Fortescue, J.P., of Alveston Manor, Stratford-on-Avon, Captain (half-pay) in the Indian Army, and Hon. Major (retired) Warwickshire Militia, on the 13th inst., aged forty-six.
Mary Catherine Anne Jacoba, Dowager Lady Reay, recently, at the Hague. She was widow of Eneas, Baron Mackay D'Ophernert, in Holland, who succeeded to the Scottish Barony

of Reay in 1875; and daughter of Baron Fagel, Privy Councillor in the Netherlands. Her only surviving child is the present Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay.
Major-General Thomas Rawlings Mould, C.B., Royal Engineers, at his residence, Queen's-road, Bayswater, aged eighty-one. He entered the Army in 1826; served in the West Indies and New Zealand.
Frances, Dowager Viscountess Ashbrook, on the 15th inst., at Knockatrina, Durrow, Queen's County. She was widow of Henry Jeffrey, fifth Viscount Ashbrook, mother of the present Viscount, and daughter of Sir John Robinson, first Baronet, of Rokey Hall, in the county of Louth.
Emily Frances, widow of the Hon. Charles Abbott, late Queen's Own Light Dragoons (son of the first Lord Tenterden), and younger daughter of Rear-Admiral Lord George Stuart, seventh son of the first Marquis of Eute, on the 16th inst., at 31, Cadogan-place, aged eighty.
Evelina Theresa, the wife of Major-General Charles E. Oldershaw, C.B., Royal Artillery, who, having just completed his five years' military command of the districts of Karachi, Poonah, and Belgaum, was returning home, when this melancholy event took place at sea, on the 6th ult., between Bombay and Aden. She was buried at Aden, the whole of the Royal Artillery in garrison attending the funeral. The late Mrs. Oldershaw was the daughter of the Hon. Henry Cecil Hodge, Barrister-at-Law, a nephew of the first Marquis of Exeter; her sister and coheirress is Mrs. J. Lewis-Thomas, wife of the Chief Surveyor of the War Department.

AGRICULTURAL SCENES: JUNE.
MOWING CLOVER.

Who does not remember the long-ago illustration by Millais of a lady in the June meadows, looking up to the lark and singing—
The larks are singing in the sky
A happy, happy song;
But the bird in my heart, love,
Is singing all day long,
giving us a realistic June Agricultural Scene? And yet, "Floreat Rugbeia," the voice of yesterday, sings well, in this month's "Leaflet" of the school:
Glad month, when first the summer calls,
Bidding us linger in the shade,
And loiter where the water falls
Across the weir, adown the glade—
Or move it with the springing blade.
Mead month, when first wild roses blow,
And groves smell sweet with eglantine,
And everywhere the harebells grow,
Wild hyacinths and celandine,
And overhead the woodbines twine.

Whilst to come more directly to the scene illustrated by our Artist, the clover-fields are falling before the scythe of the stalwart mowers; such as we saw only on Thursday last week in the village of Horsted-Keynes, near East Grinstead, in Sussex. As we write, the foxglove, four feet in height, which we gathered at the border of the meadow, is nodding to us with its magenta bells, pranked with crimson spots, and a dozen wild orchids testify to the lavish gifts by nature of the beautiful, as well as of the useful clover-blossoms, rye-grasses, and fifty other varieties of the natural grasses—and which, in bulk, some one and a half to two tons per acre of hay, are being lowered, in their summer pride, by the mowers for the pay of four shillings and sixpence per acre; to be afterwards tossed and dried into hay, or be carried green and direct to the silo, forming a store of winter food for the cattle. Within sight of the Agricultural Scene depicted, we noted that Sussex still keeps its yokes of plough oxen, for three different fields were being turned over by the primitive dark red cattle. As to the work of mowing, we commend it to the Guild of St. George, favoured by Mr. Ruskin, and should be glad to see his graduates of labour swing their scythes to the tune of four-shillings and sixpence per acre. Well is the money earned, and good is the appetite created in the open air, to welcome the restoratives of food and drink that are seen coming, brought by the rustic handmaidens. As the work of the blacksmith makes his arm mighty, so the work of the clover-mower stiffens and strengthens the loins of the worker: giving him a thick-set appearance, that answers for a reserve of force, which is all wanted in mowing an acre of forage for four shillings and sixpence. To the superficial observer the green-stuff is all one—a mass of green forage—but Sir John Lawes would tell us that in a common field we might find some sixty varieties of grassy plants and weeds, although in "very select" meadows only about a dozen—of the best sorts—should be found. Many persons do not know that the grass-harvest, meadow grass, clover, sainfoin, &c., and permanent pastures, are much more valuable than are the grain crops, in America, as well as in these islands. The length of stem, variety of leafage, flower, and other characteristics of forage plants are much more than are commonly supposed; and as the trees have many voices, so, too—

Under Nature's spell,
The breezes wake, and wander 'midst the grass,
And echoes from the harebell
Make music as they pass.
To every stem and spray a note belongs,
And poets hear the tunes, and make them into songs.

Doubtless many town readers have heard of land being "clover sick," and have not comprehended this term in husbandry. The clover crop is one in the rotation of corn crops that is almost universal. Wheat following a "clover-ley" is usually the best crop of the course. But clover can only be taken in due order, or the land becomes "clover sick," and sometimes requires a summer fallow to clear and aerate the soil. We have also heard of another clover sickness—a more sentimental malady. When country residents in towns, long parted from the rural surroundings of youth, see in June the red blooms of clover, they are filled with a longing to see once more the village spire, the corn-fields, and all the rural scenes where they were young and happy. This is a home sickness which the citizen feels for his country nest. God made the country and man made the town! As to "leafy June," beloved by all inhabitants of the northern hemisphere, we might challenge the poets of every country to make the summer air thick with perfumed incense, but space forbids our stringing the thousand and one pearls which June poets have secreted: yet we must claim for June its rose—it is the month of roses. What is sweeter than a rose? Burns can only compare—

My love's like the red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
And my love's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

A meeting is to be held next Thursday at Chesterfield House, Mayfair, by permission of Sir Arthur and Lady Bass, on behalf of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children—Lord Jersey in the chair.
The annual festival and president's birthday celebration of that deserving institution, the Stockwell Orphanage, took place on Wednesday. Mr. Spurgeon's orphan homes receive 500 fatherless children, selected according to their need.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

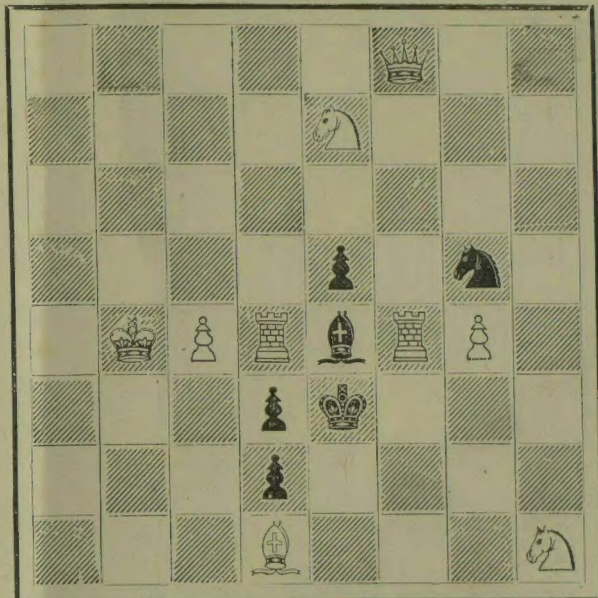
Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
A.C.H. (New Brighton).—In reply to L.P. to B.7th, Black must play 1.K. takes R, then follows 2.P. to B.8th (a Kt), double check and mate.
Peterhouse (Eastbourne).—Many thanks for your kind answer to our inquiry.
F.H. (Tufnell Park).—A very welcome contribution. Our readers will be glad to see your work again.
DEX (Clifton).—We do not think the problem can be solved in the way you propose.
O.F. (Ghent).—The solutions have been deferred partly at the request of correspondents residing abroad, and partly in consequence of the demand upon our space for more widely-interesting matters. A batch of them will be published next week.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2188 received from John J. Milner (Christchurch, New Zealand); of Nos. 2192 to 2203 from L.K. Hirsch (Pisa); of No. 2195 from C.G. Brown (Rio de Janeiro); of No. 2198 from J. Crispade (Ghent); of No. 2200 from John C. Brenner; of No. 2201 from J. Crispade (Ghent); T. Roberts, W. Vernon Arnold, and L. Vivian; of No. 2202 from Jack, J. R. B. Junior, T. Roberts, F. Marshall, T.G. Ware, Joseph Beardslaw, and J.C. Brenner; of Mr. PLANCK'S PROBLEM from W.B. Smith.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2203 received from Comp. Lybb, H. Reeves, Columbus, E.E.H. N.S. Harris, E. Louden, C. Oswald, Nerina, Oliver, Icingha, H. Lucas, W.B. Smith, Edmund Field, Jupiter Junior, G. Heathcote, A.C. Hunt, T.G. Ware, R. Tweddell, Commander W.L. Martin, R.N., L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, T. Roberts, E. Casella (Paris), John C. Brenner, C. Darragh, Shadforth, L. Wyman, Peterhouse, Otto Fulder (Ghent), H. Wardell, F. Marshall, E. Elshury, R.H. Brooks, R.L. Southwell, G.W. Law, R.T. Glascoedine, W. Hillier, W.R. Raiffen, Ben Nevis, O.E.P. B.R. Wood, J. Hall, S. Bailen, Thomas Chowne, Joseph Ainsworth, J.R.B. Junior, L. Falcon (Antwerp), and E. Featherstone.

PROBLEM NO. 2205.

By FRITZ HOFMANN (Munich).

From a forthcoming collection of his problems.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

One of eight Games played, simultaneously and sans voir, by Mr. BLACKBURNE, during a recent visit to Clifton. His adversary at this board was Mr. N. FEDDEN.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	19. Q R to Q sq	
2. Kt to Q 3rd	P to K 3rd		A little trap into which Black declines to fall.
3. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd	19.	R to R sq
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P		Of course, if 19.Q takes Kt P, then 20.R to Q Kt square wins offhand.
5. Kt takes P	P to Q R 3rd	20. R to Q 3rd	Q takes Kt P
6. B to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	21. B to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq
7. Castles	B to B 4th		Black again plays with judgment. This is much better than 21. Kt takes B.
		22. K R to K sq	R to Q Kt sq
8. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt	23. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 4th
9. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th	24. Q to R 4th	Q to Kt 5th
10. Kt to K 4th	B to K 2nd	25. Q takes Q	
11. P to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd		White seems here to have resolved to concentrate his attention on the seven other games in progress, and let this game take its chance. After the exchange of Queens he has no attack, however.
12. P to B 5th	Kt to Q 4th	25.	P takes Q
13. B to Q 3rd	P to Q R 4th	26. R to Q Kt sq	K to R 2nd
14. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to B sq	27. B to R 4th	P to Q 4th
15. Kt to Q 6th	B takes Kt	28. P to K B 3rd	K R to Q B sq, and White resigned.

Although the move in the text blocks his game, he cannot allow the Kt to hold an advanced post within his lines.
16. B P takes B B to R 3rd
17. B to K Kt 5th Q to Kt 3rd
18. B takes B R takes B
The annual meeting of the British Chess Association will be held at the Victoria Hall, Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly, opening on Monday, July 12, and closing on Wednesday, July 28. The programme includes an International Tournament for Masters, open to members who have previously played in a masters' tournament, or who shall have obtained permission from the committee to enter the lists. The entrance fee and deposit have been fixed at £2 and £3 respectively. Five prizes have been provided—viz., £80, £50, £40, £25, and £15; and the entrance fees will be divided among the competitors who gain no prizes. Five prizes are also provided for the Amateur Championship Tournament—viz., £20, £10, £5, £4, and £3. The entrance fee and deposit in this contest are ten shillings and thirty shillings respectively. A tournament for the Association Cup, value £10 10s., has also been arranged; and there will be a tournament for the prize offered by Lord Tennyson—a complete set of his works, with his autograph inscription—open to members of the professions of the Church, Law, Medicine, Army and Navy. Art, Science, and Literature will compete for Professor Ruskin's prize—a complete set of his works, with autograph inscription. There will also be arranged consultation matches, blindfold play, four-handed chess matches, and problem and solution tournaments, for all of which substantial prizes will be provided. The entries for the several contests should be addressed to Mr. L. Hoffer, the honorary secretary of the association, 49, Leicester-square, W., from whom information upon details may be obtained on application. The Masters' Tournament will be played in one round, unless the number of entries should be over ten, in which case two rounds will be played. If only one round is played, each competitor will have the first move in half his games as far as practicable. The time limit will be an hour for twenty moves, regulated by stop-clocks, and the regulations for play will be in accordance with the "Revised International Chess Code," as published in the book of "The London International Tournament of 1883."

The Irish Chess Association has issued a preliminary programme of its second annual meeting, to be held at Belfast on Sept. 18 next. There will be an Irish championship, and handicap tournaments, exhibitions of blindfold play, and a problem tournament. All these contests will be open to members only, but membership may be obtained on payment of five shillings.
A match by correspondence has been arranged between Cambridge (Town) and Dublin (University). There are six competitors on each side, and the veteran master of the game, the Rev. Dr. Salmon, S.F., T.C.D., has kindly accepted the office of referee.

A match was commenced at the British Chess Club on the 14th inst. between Messrs. Bird and Gunzberg. The conditions are five games up, drawn games not counting, and the time limit twenty moves an hour. As we go to press, the score stands—Bird, 1; drawn games, 3.

The rifle-shooting match between teams representing England, Scotland, and Ireland, took place last Saturday at the Darnley ranges, near Glasgow. Scotland won, as was also the case last year, when the match was shot at Wimbledon. The aggregate scores at the three distances of 200, 500, and 600 yards were: Scotland, 1708; England, 1667; Ireland, 1600.

The tenants on the estate of Mr. S. Whitbread, M.P., Southill Park, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, have received 30 per cent off their rents due Lady Day last. The Duke of Bedford has returned to his tenants in the Wansford district 25 per cent of their rents. Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe has also made an abatement of 20 per cent upon his rents in the Retford district. Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., has made an abatement of 40 per cent on his rents on his Suffolk estates. The right hon. gentleman proposes to continue this reduction for a term of five years.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

The summer exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society (Conduit-street Galleries) shows a very distinct advance upon its previous displays, and a sustained effort, at the present level, cannot fail to place the society on a firm basis. The strength of the exhibition lies rather in landscape than in figure painting, although there are good specimens of the latter. The most striking picture in the room, both from its size and composition, is Mr. Fred. Vezin's "Henley Regatta" (214), a bold and by no means unsuccessful attempt to deal with a very difficult subject, especially on so large a scale. It is in every sense an academic work, and if hung at Burlington House would attract a constant stream of gazers. Among the landscapes Mr. Charles Stuart's "North Wales" (42) and Mr. E. H. Holder's studies in the same county, "Autumn on the Conway" (88) and a "Cottage Home" (146) are among the most noteworthy. Mr. Fuller Maitland is making steady progress as a painter of sea and sky, and both in his little work, "A Storm" (162), and his larger study, "On the South Coast" (181) he gives proof of careful study and a sense of atmospheric effect. Mr. W. E. Norton's "Towing to Windward" (254), Mr. Alfred Williams's "View of Intra, on the Lago Maggiore" (117), and two unpretentious little works—Mr. G. S. Walters' "Waiting for the Tide" (182) and Mr. M. K. Benson's "After Sunset" (163)—are all worthy of notice, the last named especially, as suggesting the very modest ideas some artists have of the value of the work on which they must have expended time and labour. Amongst the figure subjects Mr. T. K. Pelham's "Venetian Maiden" (149) and "A Southern Minstrel" (151) show something more than a craftsman's work. Our French neighbours might find fault with them as "trop louchés," but they have qualities which promise well for the future. Mr. W. Lomas's "A Windy Point" (209) is a girl on a sea-cliff struggling with the linen she has to dry. The figure is well drawn and finely set, and the colouring exceedingly delicate and harmonious. Another work by the same artist, "Reverie" (214), is pitched in a different key, but it is hung too high to be seen to advantage. It would almost seem to be pendant to the former work: whilst one depicts the life and work of early morn, the latter suggests the watchings and heart searchings of evening twilight. Mr. Charles Collins's "Farmyard Pets" (150) and Mr. Arthur Dodd's "End of a Long Run" (36) are amongst the best of the animal pictures; but Mr. Montbard's "Incident of the Harem" (99), with all its ghastliness, would be more effective if it did not recall so accurately M. Henri Regnault's treatment of an almost similar subject. Mr. Staurope's portrait of "Mr. Arthur Arnold" and Mr. A. Walker's clever study of a ballet-girl, "Le Premier Pas" (116), deserve notice. The water colours are not quite up to the average of the oil paintings, but they include some good works by Messrs. Albert Stevens, Sowden, F. P. Barraud, J. D. Barnett, &c.

The International Exhibition which is to be held this year in Paris promises to be a new departure in displays of this sort. Instead of being placed under Royal and official patronage, or of being subventioned by the State, it will aim at showing what can be accomplished by private effort. The Minister of Commerce and Industry has, on behalf of his own department, taken a great interest in the undertaking; and, by his support the committee have obtained the use of the Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs Elysées; but the whole of the arrangements have been left to the Société Nationale des Sciences et Arts Industriels. Assurances of support have been received from nearly all foreign countries, and it is to be hoped

that Great Britain will not be behindhand in this display of friendly rivalry. The exhibition will include every invention connected with the industrial arts; electric-lighting and the other applications of electricity to industry will form a special feature; furniture, porcelain, glass, jewellery, musical instruments, are only a few among the numerous classes for which the committee offer medals and distinctions; whilst every facility will be afforded to exhibitors for the conveyance of their specimens to Paris, as well as for the sale of goods during the Exhibition. Finally, it should be added that an important illustrated periodical, *La Grande Industrie*, will be issued at short intervals, giving a careful description of the principal contents of the building. The Exhibition will be opened on July 24 next, and will be closed at the end of November, thus covering the time when the largest number of strangers are passing through Paris.

Although the "Delsartians" up till now were practically unknown in this country, they are said to number upwards of two thousand teachers and pupils in the United States. At Mr. F. Moscheles' studio, however, the British public—or, rather, a privileged few—were permitted last Tuesday to learn something of the "Master's" principles; and, what was a far greater treat, to see them realised by an accomplished American lady, Mrs. Russell. Delsarte, the founder of the School of "Expressionists," seems to have had a remarkable career; and although he never attained distinction himself, he was the cause of greatness in others. The artists, it is true, turned their backs upon a man who was ready to prove to them that their ordinary methods of expressing emotion were either inaccurate or incomplete. But the actors recognised the value of his lessons more readily, and amongst his pupils he counted Rachel, Macready, and others of scarcely less notoriety. The dominant idea of Delsarte's method is that not only is every organ capable of expressing what is passing through the mind or heart; but that when there is complete unison of soul and body all the members harmoniously and in certain succession transcribe outwardly the inward feelings. Purely mental action, such as the enforcing an argument is marked by a forward movement of the muscles and limbs—the "passional" state by wavy or circular movements; and spiritual emotions by spiral or ascending movements. In support of these views, Delsarte insisted upon three laws which govern our movements—the law of "parallelism," of which one sees examples in the side-long walk or disjointed action of persons who are either gauche, nervous, or aimless; the law of "opposition," which gives balance to the human figure, and governs the expression of the grander feelings; and the law of "succession," in which every muscle and limb of the body, one after the other, is brought into harmonious play: as in the days of our great-grandfathers, when reverence for women existed, and translated itself by the stately "bow" of Sir Charles Grandison.

The jury, to whom the plans for the completion of the Duomo of Milan are to be submitted, is at length formed; but there is little hope expressed that their verdict, if ever given, will be accepted. The president of the jury will be the Marchese Visconti, and his clerical assessor the Abbé Ceruti, of the Ambrosian library, well known by his monograph on the great Lombard Cathedral. These are to be assisted by four architects of different countries (Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., representing Great Britain), who, with a national architect (Professor Boito), a painter (Signor Bertini), a savant (Professor Cesare Cantù), and one or two others, representing local or professional interests, will make up the

body, whence the four judges, to be selected by the competitors themselves, are to be chosen. Each competitor, on handing in his plans, will inscribe on the outside the four names he selects; and those obtaining the largest number of votes will decide, if they can, on the design to be adopted.

The façade of the Cathedral of Florence being now almost completed, it has been decided to unveil the work early in October next, instead of delaying the ceremony until next spring, as originally proposed.

The Belgian annual exhibition of pictures will be held this year at Ghent, and will open in August. In Belgium, these national exhibitions, to which foreign pictures are admissible, are held, successively, at Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent—as representative of the three principal art-centres of the country.

Under the title *The Museums of Athens*, it is proposed to publish an illustrated periodical which will serve as a guide to the excavations now being made in all parts of Greece. Each number will contain eight heliographs by Rhomaides Brothers, in addition to a short text (in Greek, French, German, and English) by M. A. Kavvadias, General Director of the Athens Antiquities. The volume, which will consist of six parts (6s. each), promises to be of real interest, not only to archaeologists, but to all lovers of art, whether professional or dilettante; and it is to be hoped that the publishers (K. Wilberg and Co., Athens) will find a ready response to their appeal for support.

Anzio, the ancient Atrium, where the Apollo Belvedere and many other of the Vatican marbles were found, is again being made the scene of special excavations. So far, the results have been meagre, but in the neighbourhood of the Villa Borghese a fine but damaged statue of Mercury has just been dug up. More interesting, however, was the discovery of certain old buildings which, up to the present, have fairly puzzled the archaeologists, who are unable to decide the period to which they belong, or the uses to which they were put. On the other hand, at Rome itself, in the Via Tasso, close to the Archi Celimontani, a remarkably beautiful statue of Bacchus, as a young man, has been brought to light. The god, half-covered by his mantle, is leaning against the trunk of a tree, his face expressive of weariness and melancholy, so frequently seen in the treatment of this deity by both Greek and Roman sculptors. Almost simultaneously news comes from Algiers that M. Vaille's explorations at Cherchell have been attended with unexpectedly satisfactory results. Between the Ténés gate and the harbour a mass of ruins was discovered, hitherto known as the "Baths," but which on further investigation have been admitted to be the probable site of the palace of Juba. After some quarrying, the workmen at length came upon a marble statue, which proved to be one of Bacchus, crowned with ivy and vine-leaves, clothed in a dress made of three narrow strips of fawn-skin. At his feet is a panther, in the act of caressing his master.

Thirteen water-colour paintings, most of them of large size, forming the Vatican series, by the late Louis Haghe, have been presented to the Bethnal-green Branch Museum by Mr. Charles Seely, formerly M.P. for Durham; and an excellent example of animal painting, a small oil picture by R. Brascassat, has been presented by M. H. Krafft, of Paris, to the South Kensington Museum.

The second meet of the Coaching Club was held at the Magazine, Hyde Park, on Wednesday.

Mr. Sumner gave an excellent reading of "Hamlet" on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall.

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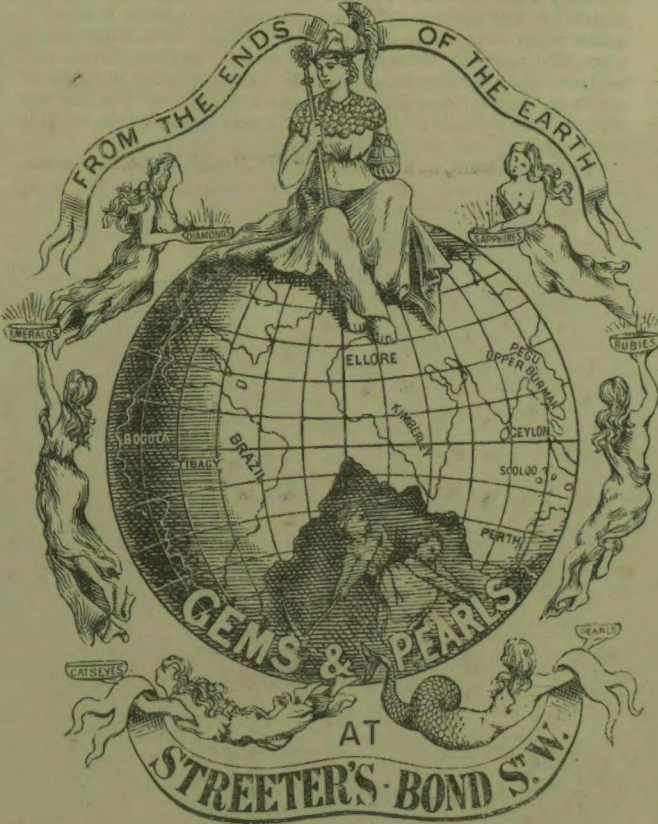
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LAKE TARAWERA, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

We are permitted to copy the View of Lake Tarawera from one of the series of fine water-colour drawings, in the New Zealand Court of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, an accomplished lady whose extensive travels in different regions of the globe are related in several delightful books, including "At Home in Fiji," "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," and "Fire Fountains: the Kingdom of Hawaii." We are also indebted to Mr. J. H. Kerry-Nicholls, the author of a volume published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. in 1884, entitled "The King Country; or, Explorations in New Zealand," for Sketches of Lake Tarawera and of the Maori village of Wairoa, the scene of the recent volcanic eruption by which many lives were destroyed. Mr. Kerry-Nicholls, in the book we have mentioned, gives a minute and exact account of the whole of the central region of the North Island; including the high volcanic mountains Tongariro and Ruapehu, both of which he ascended to the summit, and the forest country behind them; as well as the source of the Waikato river, the shores of Lake Taupo, and the plains extending northward to the Bay of Plenty, which contains the

celebrated Hot Springs and those remarkable Lakes, Rotomahana, Tarawera, Rotorua, Rotoiti, and others, displaying the wonderful phenomena of subterranean aqueous volcanic action. Our Journal has, on a former occasion, presented some illustrations, from the photographs by Mr. D. L. Mundy, of the beautiful terraces of silica, tinted with pink, yellow, and other colours, in some places, and decorated with stalactites, on the shores of Lake Rotomahana, with the cascades and pools of boiling water there. The innumerable geysers, jets of steam, beds of hot mud, and masses of pumice, abounding in the whole of this district, prove that it overlies for a great distance one of the most powerful currents of volcanic force in the Southern hemisphere. The recent outbreak of this force at Lake Tarawera, from the brief telegraphic reports which arrived in England last week, seems to have been of a much more formidable character than had been experienced since that part of the country was visited by Europeans: and to have been accompanied by an overwhelming deposit of ashes or scoriae, in which the native village of Wairoa was buried to the depth of ten feet; but our information of this catastrophe is still very imperfect.

Lake Tarawera, as described by Mr. Kerry-Nicholls, is seven

miles long and five miles broad; it lies to the south or south-east of Lakes Rotorua and Rotoiti, and immediately of the smaller Lake Rotomahana, with which it is connected by a stream, only a mile or two long, called Te Ariki. It thus receives the water of the Rotomahana, and discharges itself, at the eastern extremity, by a river named Awa-o-te-Atua, which flows north-eastward to the sea. The lake itself is at an elevation of 1000 ft. above the sea-level. It is surrounded by high mountains, "with conical peaks and serrated ridges, rising up from the very edge of the water, and covered to the summits with a rich growth of vegetation, in which varied tints of green are relieved by the bright crimson blossoms of the pohutu kawa tree, here attaining a great size; while picturesque headlands, deep bays, broad valleys, and deep gorges meet the view at every turn." Mount Tarawera, overlooking the lake, is "a colossal truncated cone, with steep sloping sides, tinted with red oxide of iron and shining obsidian, which made it look as if it were just cooling from the terrific heat of volcanic fires." The native village of Wairoa was situated in a deep gorge between Tarawera and Rotokakahi, hemmed in on all sides by rugged ranges; a river here "leaps over a precipice of nearly 100 ft. in the form of a



MAORI VILLAGE OF WAIROA, DESTROYED BY THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

foaming cascade, about which the greenest of ferns and mosses grow in wonderful luxuriance. The natives of this place were formerly among the most warlike of the great Arawa tribe; in these degenerate days, being fond of rum and tobacco, they have been wont to get what they could from European tourists visiting the Lake District, for whose accommodation there was an hotel established at Wairoa. It is said that ten Europeans, with above a hundred Maories, have perished by the recent eruption.

THE LATE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA.

Within a few days after the death of Holkar, the Maharajah of Indore, follows that of the other leading independent Prince of the Mahratta race, Baji Rao Scindia, the ruler of Gwalior. These events may turn out to be of no slight political importance. The territory over which Scindia reigned is as large as Scotland, and has a population of three millions. When the Rajah Daulat Rao having died without an heir, in 1827, the British Government recognised the adoption of a boy of the Scindia family, he died childless, and the Government permitted his widow to adopt Bajirat Rao, then eight years of age, who in 1843 succeeded to the throne as Baji Rao Scindia, Maharajah of Gwalior. At the end of that year, owing to disturbances in the State, the British troops defeated the mutinous forces of Scindia and restored order. The late Maharajah, during his reign, was conspicuous for his loyalty to the English, and the Government conferred upon him the right of adoption, as well as lands worth £30,000 a year. In 1853 the fort of Gwalior, taken by the English ten years previously, was restored to the Maharajah on his coming of age, but at the time of the Indian Mutiny, in 1857, the Gwalior contingent, raised to aid the English, mutinied, and took possession of the fort, which Lord Strathnairn captured from them. It remained in the hands of the English; and in 1860 Scindia visited Lord Canning at Allahabad, when, in reply to a petition from him for the restoration of the fort, the Governor-General replied that it should be restored when it could be done with safety. Four years later he again asked for the fort, but the time was not believed to have arrived. Finally, at a special Durbar held last year by Lord Dufferin at Gwalior, the fort was restored to Scindia, and, by a treaty signed at the time, he was permitted to increase his army by 3000 men. Scindia paid a visit to Lord Mayo in 1869, and had the honour of receiving the Prince of Wales during his visit to India.

The following reflections, in the *Times*, upon the deaths of Scindia and Holkar, and upon the part which they

filled in India, seem worthy to be quoted:—"For years past the Maharajahs of Gwalior and Indore have been the solitary independent personalities among the Native Princes. They had ideas, and endeavoured to embody them in acts. None could accuse them of abandonment to vulgar and purposeless luxury. They were not mere slaves of indolence or pleasure.

Each treated sovereignty as a thing for which the possessor had to render an account. Whenever English thoughts dwelt on the number of the native Princes of India, Scindia and Holkar did duty for the rest. Theirs have been the only names which have called up a distinct impression. Neither was remarkably happy in the use of his opportunities and mental powers. Holkar filled his coffers at the cost of imposing a heavy load of taxation on his subjects. He allowed it to be believed that litigation with the Maharajah was dangerous. While the craving of his heart was for the restitution of districts his ancestors had forfeited, he was too short-sighted to evince an amiable acquiescence in British sway, which was the sole means of compassing his ends. He was suspected, rightly or wrongly, of having inclined against British rule in his youth; and the guarded prudence of his maturer age did not imply a frank recantation. As Holkar had owed his accession to British favour, so Scindia owed to British power the retention of his throne, and perhaps his life. England has never had reason to question the sincerity of his recognition of this benefit. The evacuation of his famous citadel was a crowning testimony by this country to his loyalty and discernment. He showed less sagacity in sacrificing the strength of his State to the production and maintenance of a force incapable of serving any really advantageous object. Never was there a costlier plaything, or one more likely to cut its owner's fingers. If any peril should menace the perpetuation of the dynasty of Scindia, the quarter from which it might be expected to come would be the camp the late Maharajah most delighted in. Indore and Gwalior might both have gained had the rulers been less eager in the exemplification of their respective talents for finance and for military organisation. Their errors must not be permitted to obscure their title to respect for qualities which, even in the excess, remain honourable. They sprang from a stock so sturdy that the temptations of Oriental Courts did not succeed in enervating them. They deserve admiration for not forgetting their duties as chiefs of their States."



THE LATE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA, RULER OF GWALIOR, CENTRAL INDIA.

Portions of the counties of Armagh and Tyrone have been proclaimed under the Peace Preservation Act.

Mr. Irving has arranged to give four extra morning performances of "Faust," at the Lyceum Theatre in July—namely, on the mornings of Saturdays, July 3, 10, 17, and 24. On the evenings of these days the theatre will be closed. The season will terminate on Saturday evening, July 31. The theatre will remain closed for a vacation of six weeks, and will reopen with "Faust" on Saturday night, Sept. 11.



THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: THE FERNERY IN THE NEW ZEALAND COURT.

THE NEW ZEALAND FERNERY.

The New Zealand Fernery is much the largest in the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and covers an extensive space under glass. The dimensions are as follows:—145 ft. length along the New Zealand and Canada Courts, 174 ft. extreme length along the water, and breadth 36 ft. The New Zealand Government sent over a large number of ferns carefully gathered in the colony. These were placed in glass-houses of the Royal Horticultural Society at Chiswick, to which society New Zealand is greatly indebted, not only for careful nursing of the plants during the severe winter and spring, but also for the loan of some very fine specimens of their own. The ferns were then, and are still, under the special care of Mr. A. Barron, to whom Sir Francis Dillon Bell, the Executive Commissioner, Agent-General for the New Zealand Government, has confided the botanical supervision of the Fernery, during the time the Exhibition will remain open. Professor Thibetson Dyer, Director of Kew Gardens, contributed a large variety of specimens of the New Zealand flora, and has taken a warm interest in the Fernery, for which the cordial thanks of the Colony are due to him. A number of the largest tree ferns and palms were supplied from the celebrated nurseries of Mr. William Bull; and others, especially the New Zealand flax plants, which were brought expressly from Belgium, by Messrs. Wills and Segar. Nearly 900 specimens altogether are shown in the Conservatory; and we append a list giving the botanical names:—

Cyathea medullaris, C. dealbata; Dicksonia squarrosa, D. antarctica; Lomaria filix-foemina, L. lanceolata, L. discolor; Polypodium pommerum; Asplenium bulbiferum, A. lucidum, A. flaccidum, A. falcatum; Aspidium Kieckheferi, A. aristatum; Hymenophyllum denissum, H. seabraum; Trichomanes reniforme, Hymenophyllum polyanthum, Todea superba, Cyathea Smithii; Gleichenia circinata, G. Mendellii; Arcaea sapida, Dracena Australis, Phormium tenax, Clathrus puliceus, Nephrodium molle, Adiantum bipinnatum, Adiantum fulvum, Edwardsia grandiflora microphylla, Clematis indivisa, Asplenium Hookerianum, Acelypha squarrosa, Davallia Novae Zealandiae, Dianella Intermedia, Leptospermum scoparium, Corynocarpus brevifolia, Metrosideros robusta; Ptilosporum crassifolium, P. eugenoides variegata, P. Ralphsii; Metrosideros florida; Libertia grandiflora, L. ixoides; Libocedrus Doniana, Macropiper excelsum, Elaeocarpus reticulatus, Phormium atropurpureum, Dracena Veitchii, Phormium tenax nigrolobatum, Phormium tenax Colensoi var., Phormium tenax Veitchii, Mulinbeckia rotundifolia, Dracena lineata, Pteris tremula, Aspidium (polystichum) aculeatum, Asplenium trichomanes, Lastrea patens superba, Polystichum angulare proliferum, Athyrium filix femina brevifolium, Athyrium filix femina curtum multifidum, Lastrea felix, Polystichum angulare multifidum cristatum, Rhipidostylis Baueri; Dammaria vitiensis, D. Australis; Podocarpus sp., Arancaria excelsa, Podocarpus Totara, Cordyline Australis; Astelia Cunninghamii, A. Banksii; Arthropodium cirratum, Dianella Tasmanica, Libertia paniculata.

The conservatory was put up by Mr. Samuel Deards, of Harlow; the rockery work by Mr. Dick Radclyffe.

The Portrait of the late Maharajah Scindia, of Gwalior, is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of Calcutta.

Dr. Hugh Macmillan must, we think, be an interesting preacher. His latest publication, *The Olive Leaf* (Macmillan and Co.), consists of a series of discourses remarkable for their

variety and suggestiveness. He draws copious illustrations from nature and art, and manages to convey to his hearers, or readers, a large amount of information which he turns to spiritual account. How skilfully and with what human sympathy this is done will be seen in such sermons as those on "The Swallow's Nest," "A Tuft of Moss," and "The Hospitality of Nature." An objection, however, may fairly be made to the habit common in recent theological or semi-theological literature of ascribing human attributes to objects of the vegetable and mineral kingdom. This is done in Mr. Henry Drummond's popular work, and it is done also by Dr. Macmillan, who writes of certain trees as inhospitable, and of moss and lichen as showing an exquisite sympathy with the weaknesses of the oak. As a fancy, this is, no doubt, admissible enough, but not if expressed as a fact, from which practical inferences may be drawn. Some of the writer's illustrations, from the facts of science, are extremely curious, as, for instance, in his remarks about the teeth of mosses and the teeth of man; and the whole volume will strike the reader as the produce of a highly original mind. The author writes also several pieces of blank verse, in all of which the attempt is made to lead up from natural objects to those that are divine. The attempt is fairly successful; but the verse is not of a high order. There is no form of poetry more difficult than that which the greatest master of it calls "English heroic verse without rhyme." Yet, strange to say, it is a form which many versemen, who are not poets, do not hesitate to adopt.

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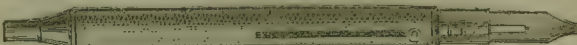
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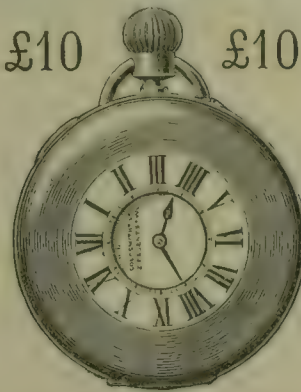
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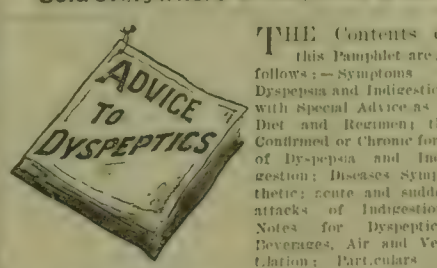
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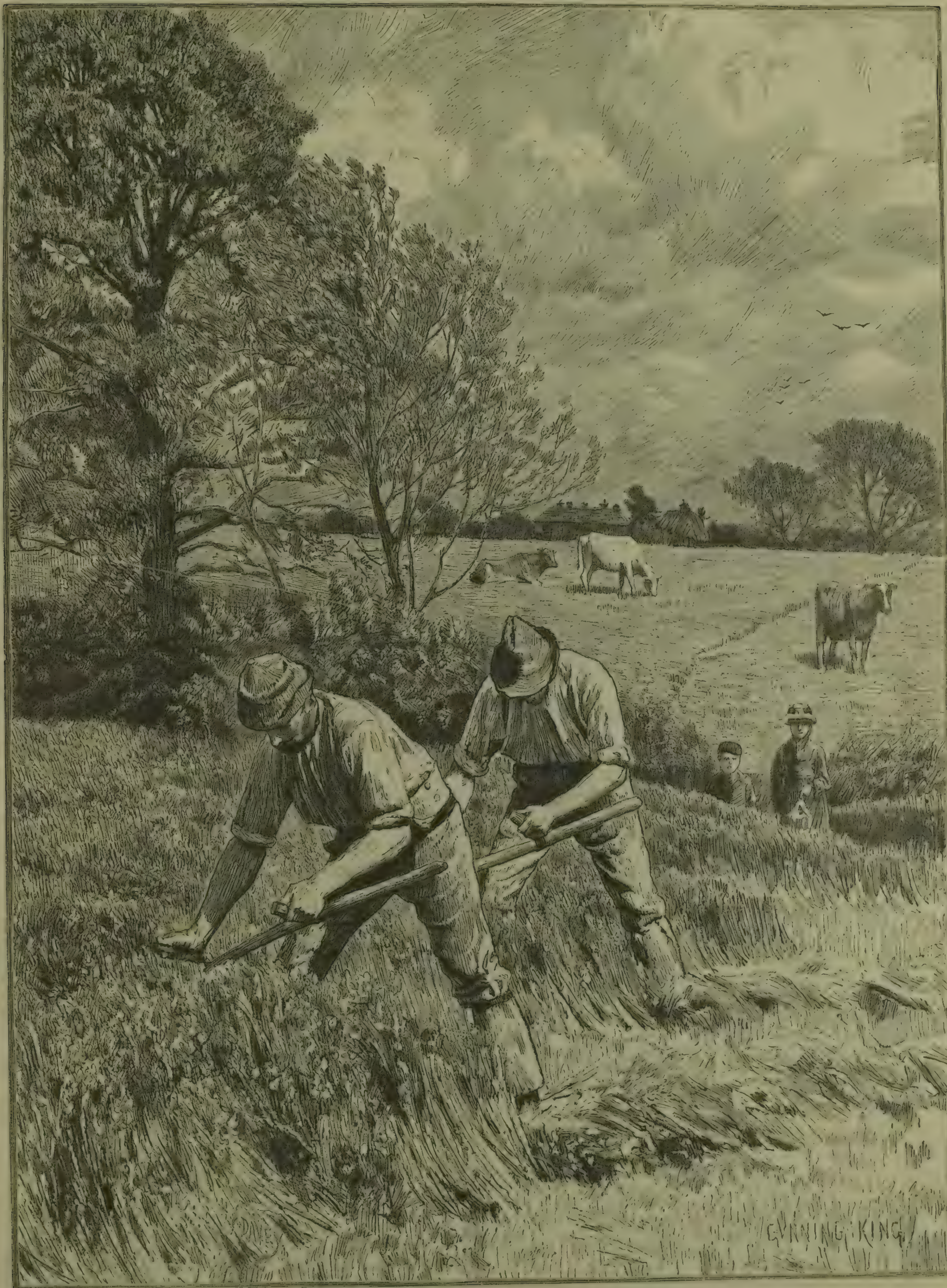
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AGRICULTURAL SCENES: JUNE—MOWING CLOVER.
SEE PAGE 684.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN.

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "THE CANON'S WARD," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

DISAPPOINTED HOPE.

The news of Miss Dart's illness, following so quickly upon the revelation of her supposed identity, had produced no little sensation, just as one stone dropped into a pond immediately after another has a cumulative effect upon its surface. It had assisted many a diner-out in the performance of his duty to his neighbour, had formed the topic of conversation among the ladies in the drawing-room, and even evoked a languid comment in the smoking-room afterwards. Society had been pleased to consider itself quite distressed about it. Scores of carriages, some even with occupants, had called to leave "kind inquiries" at her modest dwelling; and every post brought expressions of condolence and sympathy, many of them genuine, many more spurious, but all significant of the extent of her fame.

These letters, at Aunt Jane's request, were opened, and—when necessary—replied to, by Mr. Argand; communications of a private kind there were none, since her personal friends were aware of her condition, which, of course, made it impossible for her to attend to correspondence. On the morning after Sir David's visit, there arrived a letter, which her deputy opened as usual, and of the brief contents of which he became possessed almost before he was aware. Perhaps, even if he had guessed its private character, he would, under the circumstances, have been justified in reading; at all events, as matters turned out, it was well indeed that he did so.

"Dear Miss Dart," it began, "I beg to acknowledge your favour of the 15th. Every word of it does you honour, except so far as it imputes a somewhat impatient, not to say greedy, disposition to your humble servant. Two thousand pounds is two thousand pounds, and I should, of course, be loth to lose it; but, in spite of your forebodings, I shall beg leave to continue to look upon it as in safe hands. At all events, for the present, there is not the slightest need to distress yourself about the matter. Three months hence, or even a later date, will be time enough to consider the subject from the point of view of your kind communication. Pray keep your mind at ease as far as I am concerned, and devote yourself to regaining that health and strength to your recovery of which so many thousands are looking forward with selfish hopes, besides yours, most faithfully,"

"ALEXANDER ROSE."

In five minutes, Mr. Argand, with the letter in his pocket, was in a hansom on his way to Paternoster-row: and that he had lost no time, nor stopped to speak of the matter to anyone in the house, was fortunate; for hardly had he left the house before Aunt Jane came down, at the patient's request, to know if there was any communication from Mr. Rose. He found the publisher at his office, and obtained from him, though not without much difficulty, the details of his transaction with Miss Dart. To do Mr. Rose justice, he was very unwilling to disclose his client's secret, even though it was his obvious advantage to do so; but to his visitor's authoritative statement, "I am engaged to be married to this young lady: her affairs are my affairs, and her debts are my debts," there could, of course, be but one reply. Mr. Argand received it with an emotion that quite affected the kind-hearted publisher, and the sight of which would have facilitated subsequent arrangements more than he would have been willing to confess, even had there been any difficulty in the matter, which, indeed, there was none. Mr. Argand, on the security of the *Millennium*, which thus proved itself almost as negotiable as current coin,

became at once responsible for the sum advanced to Miss Dart; and between them they concocted a letter, which, placed in the same envelope, was simply substituted for that which had come from Paternoster-row by post.

"Dear Miss Dart,—I beg to acknowledge (and here ended the publisher's part of the composition) your favour of the 15th inst. I am sorry you should have troubled yourself to write from your sick-room upon a mere business matter. When you get quite well and strong I shall be happy to discuss it with you; but in the meantime, let me assure you that I have taken such measures as will amply insure myself against any possible loss as concerns the sum of money I advanced to you. I dare say this astonishes you, but there are a good many things in the book trade that would astonish you, if I were so imprudent as to reveal them. With the most sincere hope for your speedy recovery, ever yours faithfully,"

"ALEXANDER ROSE."

no longer create. What had caused this, Science itself could not explain, though it was by no means the first case of a similar kind that has been presented to its notice. What was still more curious, now that the necessity for exertion in this direction no longer existed, the desire for it had also vanished. That passionate yearning to express her thoughts on paper which had once compelled her fingers seemed to have died a sudden death. She once asked Sir David, who continued to take great interest in her, on psychological as well as personal grounds, whether, in his opinion, it would ever be resuscitated. "My dear young lady," he answered, frankly, "I don't think it ever will. It is possible, on the other hand, that it may be so. If anything should occur to stir your nature to its depths—some great happiness, for example (for we will not speak of calamity)—the magic fountain may leap up again with its accustomed song."

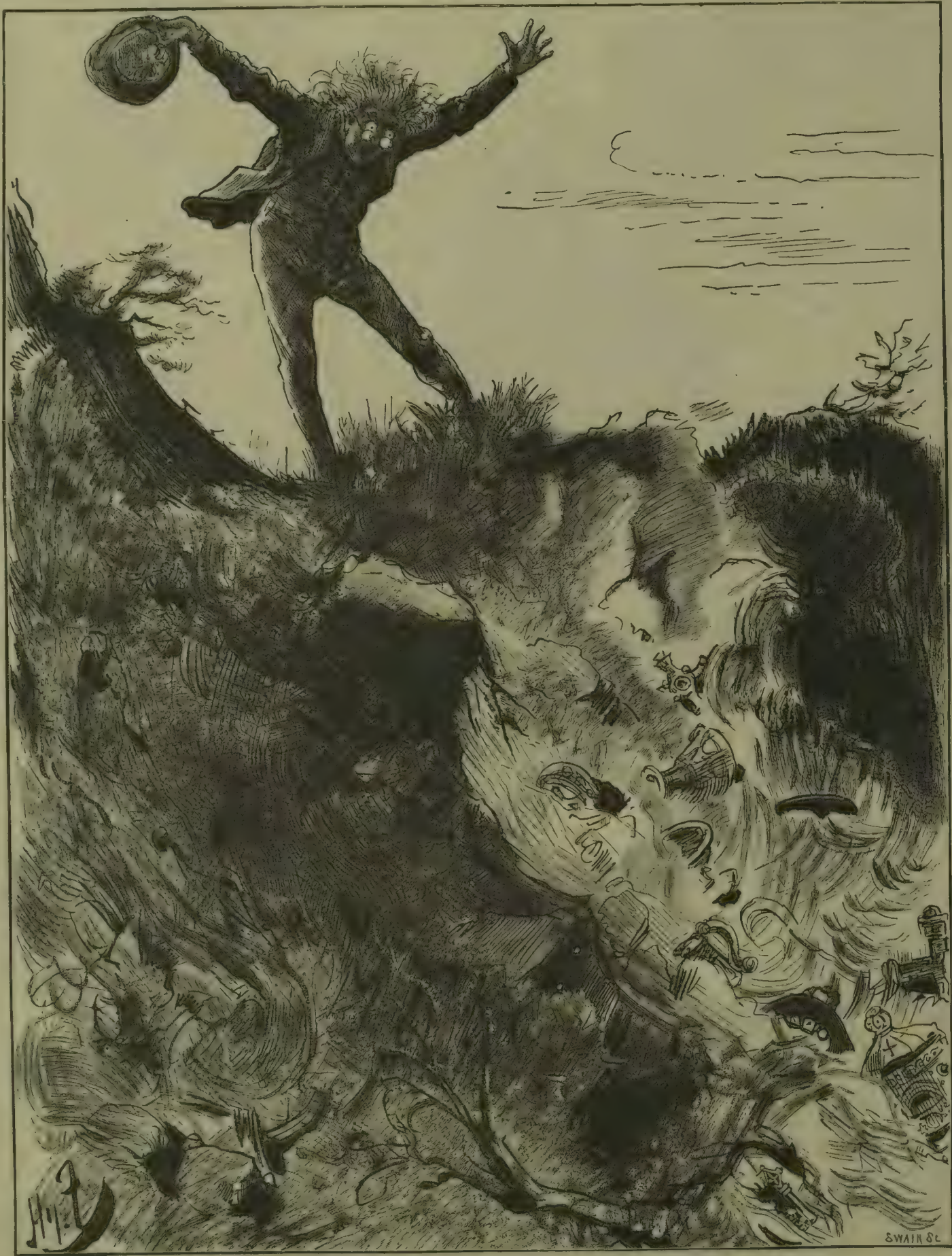
"Then it never will do so," she answered, with a smile and a sigh, "since I am as happy already as it is possible for mortal woman to be"; for, as it happened, it was the eve of her bridal day.

This resignation to the will of Fate was, of course, a thank-worthy circumstance; but though dreams of ambition no longer troubled Lizzie, those which she had so often indulged in, as regarded the happiness of others, were abandoned with supreme regret. She had secretly promised herself to make the welfare of Matthew and Mary her peculiar care. The former was recovering from his malady in a manner much beyond expectation; but, even if he grew strong and well, how could he ask his beloved Mary to become his wife without the means of supporting her? It was to be feared, indeed, that he had only been rescued from the grave to become, with his devoted mother, the prey of poverty. She had, as has been said, been living on her principal—a noble but most imprudent abnegation. She had said to herself, "It will last his time"; and now, alas! without knowing it, the unfortunate young man was over-living that time, and his mother's means were well-nigh exhausted. Their position was worse than precarious, for its end was certain—it was hopelessly deplorable. Lizzie could "rest on her laurels," and even live upon them; but they could not sustain others as she had hoped they would do.

This reflection embittered even her honeymoon, some of which was spent at Casterton. Had an opportunity offered itself to get rid of Battle Hill, she would have seized it, so urgent seemed the necessity of having a sum of money in hand to postpone, till Matthew should at least have made a complete recovery, the calamity that was overhanging him and his. Not a word, however, did the widow breathe of her need, the pressing character of which Lizzie only learnt

through her original informant, Roger Leyden. The bride and bridegroom were received with the same modest hospitality that had always reigned at the Look-out.

Mr. Snugg had good cause to congratulate his employer, though not himself, upon having got rid of all that well-known and valuable property commonly called "The Loomp," for there were no other bidders, and the time seemed distant indeed when the purchaser should put it to that use for which she had once so proudly intended it. The newly-married couple had a fairly good, though of course precarious, income; for who can tell, in the case of however popular a periodical, what a few months may bring in the way of disaster? It had but a scanty margin. The Kilburn cottage was given up, and Aunt Jane came to live with them and Miss Argand in Harewood-square. In spite of much experience to the contrary in similar arrangements, these elements kindly mixed; they were a united and happy family party. Miss Argand, though she tendered her resignation, and even pressed it, was not dispossessed of her position as the lady of the house. Domestic honours were not such as her new sister-in-law had ever sighed for, while it would have been as difficult to rouse Aunt Jane's ambition in that or any other direction as that of a white mouse.



DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

"As soon as the movement of the earth permitted it, I descended to the scene of desolation."

The success of this little conspiracy was much more satisfactory than that which attends most pious frauds. Had Lizzie's brain been in full working order, it is doubtful, indeed, whether even the most positive assurance from a creditor could have convinced her that a debt could be discharged without any consideration having been given for it; but as matters were, no composing draught within these sources of the *Pharmacopoeia* could have soothed her nerves as did Mr. Rose's quittance. From the moment she received it, she began to mend; and as time wore on, Felix supplemented the magic potion by giving her good accounts (quite justified by the facts, however) of the success of the *Millennium*.

"If you should never write again, my darling," he once said to her, "there will always, thanks to you" (which was literally true, for but for her the *Millennium* would have been his no longer), "be amply sufficient for us to live upon."

The way in which she received this news was corroboration enough, had he needed it, of the trouble that had so long concerned her.

"Thank Heaven for that!" she murmured, "for Felix, darling, I shall never write again."

Her mind, indeed, for all purposes of imagination had become a sealed book. She could think, but she could

In literature, as well as in all other matters, Lizzie continued to take the same intelligent interest as before; it was but the creative faculty, which for the most part is only missed on paper, which had disappeared. Her sympathies were as keen as ever. She was even much agitated by an event that happened about this time, which might well have been supposed to have had little, if any, interest for her—namely, the decease of Jefferson Melburn. He met his death by violence at the hands of poachers, with whom he and his keepers came into conflict in the coverts of Burrow Hall. The game laws was one of the many subjects which Miss Dart and he had been wont to discuss together, and she remembered well how, for his own ends, as so often happened, he had pretended to be a convert to her views. This, doubtless, made the manner of his death peculiarly distressing to her. Otherwise, that he had left the world could hardly be a matter to be deplored. He had done evil and not good all his days, and had left evil behind him. He had failed in an attempt to secure Winthrop's money (who had fallen a victim to his own vices some months before), had speculated on its reversion and contracted heavy debts, which had to be paid out of the already deeply encumbered estate; and the Squire was left with a mere pittance. It even became necessary to part with the hall, which was advertised for sale. There were memories about it connected with her mother which made this circumstance painful to Mary, though her father thought little of it. Broken in health and spirit, his pride was still stiff and strong: and, in any case, he would probably have shrunk from residing with narrow means in a spot where he had once held his head so high. He announced his intention of living abroad; nor did he express any wish that his daughter should accompany him. He had long, indeed, ceased to even affect an interest in her; and was her father only in name. How much circumstances had to do with this, it was useless to speculate; but they certainly had something. But for the need, or the apparent need, of a rich suitor for Mary, it is probable that this estrangement would never have taken place. How far our domestic relations are affected by external matters would be certainly a curious, and perhaps even a profitable, inquiry. Just now the hard results of poverty were pressing upon Lizzie's mind with painful persistence. She had known its harshness too well not to sympathise with its effect upon those she loved; and she resented, upon their account, the palsy of those faculties which had once promised her such material advantages. If they had still been hers, she could have relieved dear Mrs. Meyrick from her embarrassments—a term of euphony too often applied to ruin—and made two lives happy. For herself, she wanted nothing. Felix and she, though no longer bride and bridegroom, were still lovers. There was no happier home than hers in the whole world of London; nor did it contain a happier woman, save for the thought of those for whom the cup of Life held such different measure.

CHAPTER LII.

THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

There was once a woman who, if we may believe the records of the period in which she "flourished," was the prominent figure of the day in literary society in London. She was not only studied in the closet, but held the rapt attention of thousands upon the stage. We have the written authority of one of the greatest geniuses of all time, that she was the greatest genius of *his* time; and his view was more or less endorsed by his contemporaries. While still in her prime, her gift—we may call it by what name we please, for, as often happens, the opinion of posterity and that of her own time were at variance on the matter—was suddenly taken away from her; her popularity vanished with it so immediately that we may almost say she awoke one morning and found herself unknown. For a quarter of a century she lived on—a charming woman, mingling in society as before, and in one sense, even more so than ever, for she was no longer on a pedestal, but stood on the same plane with the rest of the world. It is recorded of her that, under these changed circumstances, she was very cheerful and happy. It had been hitherto a case without parallel; but if matters should continue as at present, that of Elizabeth Argand bade fair to match it. She accepted her position with the like resignation; and if she did so now when the heavy hand of disappointment was first laid upon her, it was evident that with the lapse of time the weight of it would grow less and less. Indeed, what alone distressed her now—if anything of the kind could be said to distress her—were the thoughtless questions occasionally addressed to her, by those ignorant of the circumstances, with respect to her forthcoming works; a faint flush would then come into her cheeks, and she would make some evasive and generally gay reply. Such enquiries were natural enough, but they used to irritate Felix exceedingly.

"Good Heavens! Sir," he exclaimed to one of those impertinent questioners, whose thoughtless words he imagined had given Lizzie more annoyance than was really the case, "are you in the habit of asking the matrons of your acquaintance when they are about to gratify the world with an increase to their families?"

But, in his calmer moments, he confessed to himself that this was not quite a parallel case.

One day in early spring-time, Lizzie received a letter from Casterton in an unfamiliar handwriting. She opened it in some alarm, for she was always on the watch for the first knell of a catastrophe in that quarter, nor did the signature of the letter, to which she turned at once, reassure her, for it was that of Roger Leyden, to whom alone, beside herself, the state of the widow's affairs were known: The despatch was a long one, which increased her fears.

"My dear Mrs. Argand," it began, "a most remarkable incident has just occurred here, the results of which almost take my breath away as I relate them. But a few hours ago, in the early morning, I chanced to be on Battle Hill—your Hill. There had been a heavy storm during the night, but the wind had ceased and the sky was clear. Suddenly, I heard a rumbling noise like subterranean thunder. Then, as it seemed to me, the whole Hill, like the wood of Dunsinane, began to move. It was, however, only a part of it, and did not include the summit, on which I was standing. The fir-trees were felled to and fro as though a strong wind were blowing, though they were not more agitated than I. I thought my beloved Hill, or half of it, was going to run into the sea. An immense superfluous, ten acres I should say, with all that was upon it, was moving swiftly downwards, accompanied by a peculiar noise, which I can only liken to that of a flock of sheep, running in fright at the sight of a dog. You know there are a few firs in the extreme hollow, only the tips of which can be discerned from the top; I saw these disappearing, with a sort of sudden but noiseless violence, as though they had been plucked up by the roots. Long and deep chasms gaped to left and right, on which fragments of earth remained standing, still topped by the green turf. Hollows were raised to mounds, and mounds reduced to hollows. Yet all this occurred in less, at utmost, than a quarter of an hour. Fortunately, as you will presently see, I was the sole witness of this phenomenon.

And now remains the most astounding incident of it.

As soon as the movement of the earth permitted it, I descended to the scene of desolation. On the upper part of the lower formation of the hill—which, you remember, is like that of a quaternary loam—a body of earth about fifty feet thick had been carried away. On the bed of soil thus left bare, such a spectacle presented itself as had never been imagined out of an eastern tale. The whole place was strewed with treasure. Diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, all torn from their settings—showing they had been no personal ornaments—cups and chalices of gold, tarnished by time and mould, of course, but beautifully embossed and carved, strewed the ground in all directions. There were no less than five crucifixes of solid gold, and one crozier of the same metal, broken, but set with precious stones. I cannot at present compute even the number of these objects, and far less their value; but it must be something enormous. It is, of course, the hoard buried by Urfu the Dane—the spoil of the churches of London and Canterbury, of which defeat and death deprived him. He had placed it in the side of the hill next the sea, no doubt for the convenience of shipping it, and where, thank Heaven! my Lord never thought of digging for it."

The reader here put down the letter in sheer amazement. Then a chill crept over her at the thought that what had just been described to her had not actually taken place. Perhaps the antiquary's wits had failed him, and he had depicted as an actual occurrence what had, in fact, presented itself to his imagination a hundred times before. There was, however, too much particularity in the narrative for that; and, moreover, there was the landslip, which could hardly have suggested itself as a *deus ex machina* unless it had proved to be one.

"Notwithstanding the stupendousness of the phenomenon," continued her correspondent, "my first thought was of you and Mary. But for that, this sudden realisation of the dream of half a lifetime would, I verily believe, have shaken my reason. The question was how, having found this treasure, should the discovery of it be kept secret till it could be secured by its rightful owners? I had no spade or implements of any kind; and there was nothing for it but to take up the earth in my hands and therewith cover up the treasure which it had just revealed. As soon, however, as the news of the landslip should reach the town, the hill, of course, would be visited by crowds, and this precaution would be unavailing. Fortunately, it was still early, and the noise of the late commotion had, as it turned out, reached no ears but my own. There was nothing for it but to hasten home and procure such bags and baskets as I could lay hands upon, and the services of a lad with a wheel-barrow. As I left the Hill, however, I met Harman, the miller, coming out of Casterton with his cart full of sacks. I knew him for an honest man, and at once determined to make him my confidant. Indeed, I could have done little without him, and might have lost all. I gave him to understand that what I wanted of him would be the best morning's work miler ever put his hands to. And then taking half-a-dozen sacks on our shoulders, I took him to the scene of operations. Never since Ali Baba beheld the treasure of the forty thieves was man so astonished. I told him that it all belonged to the Crown—a treasure-trove—and that every article was sacred, which, in a sense, was true. This seemed to impress him as much as the sight of the things themselves, and a great deal more than the landslip.

"Besides his sack, he had some twine, and we packed up between us everything we could lay our hands upon, and took it in the cart to my cellar. Within an hour all Casterton was on the Loomp, examining the natural phenomenon; but the most remarkable of its incidents is for the present a secret, known only to your humble servant, Harman the miller, and one other. That one other is Mrs. Meyrick, to whom I could not resist the temptation of revealing it, not for the pleasure of telling, but because I knew the weight of care which the knowledge of Mary's good fortune would remove. You and she (as per agreement) are, of course, the proprietors of all this wealth, to dispose of as you please, after disbursing that 'something handsome' which I have promised in your name to the miller. I have 'consulted the books' as to your claim in the matter, and feel sure there is no doubt about it. I had, in my ignorance, secured you the manorial rights in the Hill—quite a titbit of legal literature, which you, nevertheless, had not the patience to listen to; but it seems I might have saved myself the trouble. The case stands thus: treasure-trove in most cases belongs to the Crown, which always pays an equivalent for its value upon the property being given up; in this case, however, there is no need to be under an obligation to Royalty, for when the said treasure-trove is not hidden and covered by the earth, it belongs to the finder, who, of course, is, by proxy, yourself. Heaven knows I never wanted a coin of it—and, indeed, there are no coins—there was no robbery on Urfu's part at all; it was pure sacrilege. I never had any wants, and I have no longer any wishes. Matthew and Mary, Mrs. Meyrick and your dear self, can now never know the curse of poverty; and you are all of that sort whom riches cannot spoil. It will suffice for me to be acknowledged a prophet in my own country. I would also respectfully draw your attention to the fact that the stars have fulfilled their prediction. When they decreed you wealth, I was very certain that they meant something more than the fruits of literature. They don't put themselves out (with portents and the like) for a trifle. Matthew always called you the 'Heir of the Ages'; but he little guessed how well the title was to be justified. It is now no longer a mere intellectual compliment. Centuries have given up their treasure to you, the Past has made you its residuary legatee. You will, however, I am well convinced, hold all in trust to promote the happiness and the good of others. I send you a thousand congratulations; and also, by train, lest you should fancy, as you well may, that I have been dreaming, a single sample of your new possessions, or, as Harman calls it, 'one of the mugs'—a curious specimen of eighth-century handiwork."

This letter had come by the afternoon post, so that Lizzie had not long to wait before communicating its contents to her husband. To him she felt they were first owed, since but for him she might never have become the possessor of Battle Hill. Second only to the pleasure she had of telling the good news to Felix, was that she felt in revealing it to Aunt Jane. Indeed, in the latter case, there were circumstances which made it even more delightful to her. It was, in fact, an act of reparation; for had she not once shown her the promised land (with a house on it) in vain, and unwittingly caused her a bitter disappointment. There had been a slip between the cup and the lip, but it had been made ample amends for by a slip of another kind. This was Joanna's first joke—"a beaded bubble winking at the brim" of her cup of happiness; and though her brother expressed an editorial hope that they might "hear from her again," it has been, up to the present date, her last. There was some contention about the division of the treasure—which realised quite a fortune—but it did not even attain the dimensions of a friendly suit, and was settled out of court. At first, Mary could not be brought to understand how any part of it came to her at all; but as Roger Leyden pointed out, with grave severity, if the agreement was void by which

Lizzie became Mary's coheir, it would deprive Lizzie of her own rights, since the treasure would then revert to the finder himself; and there would probably have been little difference in its distribution even if it had.

Indeed, the greatest difficulty in the business was to get the antiquary to accept what seemed to all parties but himself a reasonable share. He was, however, eventually induced to take a sum which to him was alluence. If he did not hold his head higher in consequence, he was, at least, brought nearer to his friends, the stars, for, with a portion of the money, he built an enormous telescope, which was the wonder of the neighbourhood.

None but himself knew how near the little household at the Look-out had been to ruin when fortune thus stepped in and saved it. But the change could be read in the widow's face. It was marvellous, to those who knew nothing of the care that had oppressed her, how she suddenly threw off the "fardel of her years," and became comparatively young again. Within the period which Sir David had allowed for his recovery, her Matthew had completely regained health and strength. His favourite walk during convalescence was to "The Loomp," where, on the very spot where the treasure was found, a house was rising, under the superintendence of Mr. Snugg, for Lizzie and her husband, with special rooms in it, we may be sure, for Joanna and Aunt Jane.

The first use to which it was put when completed was to welcome the wedding guests of the young couple. That Mary should be married from her house was a pleasure that Lizzie had long promised herself, and, unlike most pleasures, it fulfilled all expectation. The guests were few, but never did happier faces beam round a breakfast-table. Even the Squire, who had come over from the Continent to do honour to the occasion, was wreathed in smiles. Mary had behaved to him with great generosity, and even offered to make such an arrangement as would enable him to reside at Burrow Hall, which had not as yet been sold. He preferred, however, the life which he had chosen for himself, and which suited him in many ways. The family seat was therefore purchased by the young couple, who divide the time between it and the Look-out. To borrow a phrase from the Major's sporting vocabulary, you could—in summer time at least—cover the whole of the chief personages of this history with a pocket-handkerchief, for they dwell only a few miles apart, even when they are not, as often happens, staying under each other's roofs.

Matthew and Mary have several children, all idolised by grandamma; but Fortune has denied that blessing to the Argands. They are, nevertheless, a very happy couple. Half the year they spend in Casterton and half in Harwood-square. The *Millennium* still lives and prospers under Mr. Argand's management. What does Lizzie do with herself? it may be asked. It is not, however, necessary to answer that question, since the reader, if he is a reader, knows as much about the matter as I do. On the very afternoon of Mary's marriage Felix found his wife at her desk in her boudoir—the window of which commands, to my mind, the most charming view in England. "That seems a very lengthy communication, my dear," he observed; "are you writing an account of our festivities to the *Morning Post*?"

"No, my dear; I am clothing the skeleton."

Sir David's forecast had been correct. Mary's marriage with Matthew had stirred Lizzie's nature to its very depths, and the spring, so long sealed, had burst forth again.

THE END.

[*"THE HEIR OF THE AGES"* is published in three volumes by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.]

NEW TALE BY MR. BESANT.

The first instalment of an Original Tale, entitled "THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN," by WALTER BESANT, author of "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "Dorothy Forster," "Children of Gibeah," &c., will appear in our next Number, for July 3, beginning a New Volume. The Tale will be illustrated by M. Forestier.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE FOR EAST LONDON.

The intended building in Mile End-road, beyond Whitechapel, of which the first stone will be laid next week in the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, is to realise the pleasing and hopeful idea of a popular place of cheerful and wholesome entertainment for the hardworking people of the East-End of London. The pen of a bright, lively, and genial writer of fiction, Mr. Walter Besant, in his agreeable story, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," rendered much assistance, by drawing an attractive picture of what such an institution might be, to Sir Edmund Hay Currie and other practical philanthropists, and to the managers of the trust fund bequeathed by Mr. Barber Beaumont, in realising this admirable scheme; which has also been liberally aided by the directors of the East and West India Dock Company, and served by the personal efforts of the large staff of clerks and others in their employ; while the Drapers' Company has given £20,000, and a public subscription, headed by Her Majesty the Queen, has made a considerable addition to the fund.

The site obtained for the "People's Palace" is that of the almshouses, school, and chapel belonging to the Drapers' Company, situated on the north side of the Mile End-road; these are to be re-erected at Woodford, on the borders of Epping Forest. The architect of the London School Board, Mr. E. R. Robson, of Palace Chambers, Bridge-street, Westminster, has designed the new building, which will be of red brick and white stone: the front is shown in our Illustration. It will contain an entrance-hall under the dome, a large hall for concerts and other assemblies, a library and reading-room, a suite of lecture-rooms, class-rooms for technical instruction, and workshops, schools of cookery, a restaurant, and another hall for occasional use; at the back will be a large winter garden, covered in with glass and adorned with flower-beds and sub-tropical plants. To the left of the main building, and detached from it, will be warm and cold swimming-baths and well-appointed gymnasia for men and women. The plan comprises rooms for cycling clubs, trade associations, and small social gatherings, so as to obviate a resort to the public-house for such purposes. "The Palace," to quote from an official statement, "will be a centre where will be formed cricket, football, cycling, and other clubs, and in the early future the trustees will take steps to secure a suitable ground for the use of such clubs." Meanwhile, of the five acres of ground purchased by the trustees, enough will remain uncovered for an extensive recreation-ground in fine weather.

Mr. Sala has arranged with Messrs. Bentley for the publication of his autobiography in the autumn.

We are requested to state that the accounts of the Princess of Wales's branch of the National Aid Society have been closed, and the surplus, £6117, has been placed in the hands of the Princess of Wales for investment, to form a fund, to be used, whenever needed, for the assistance of British soldiers and sailors in time of war.



THE PEOPLE'S PALACE FOR EAST LONDON, TO BE ERECTED IN MILE END-ROAD.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated March 23, 1885), of Mr. Robert Donaldson, sometime iron merchant in Glasgow, who died at Downhill, in Glasgow, on Nov. 17 last, granted to Mrs. Rachel Philip Smith or Donaldson, the widow, Andrew Simpson McClelland, William Gibson Bloxson, Peter Donaldson, and John McLellan, the accepting executors, was sealed in London on the 25th ult., the value of the personal estate in England, Scotland, and Ireland amounting to upwards of £522,000.

The will (dated Sept. 8, 1879), with two codicils (dated Sept. 6, 1880, and Aug. 29, 1884), of Mr. William De Hague Routh, late of the East India United Service Club, No. 14, St. James's-square, and of the Langham Hotel, Langham-place, who died on April 18 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Freeling Jones Lawrence, Charles Dod, and Harry Edgar Lawrence, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £69,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 each to St. George's Hospital; the Middlesex Hospital; the London Hospital; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West Hill, Putney-heath; the Westminster Hospital; and the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road;—£2000 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; £1000 to the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society; £500 each to the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association; the Society for the Relief of Distress; the Field-lane Institution; the Society for Organising Charitable Relief; and to the Rector and Churchwardens of St. James's, Piccadilly, to distribute at their discretion among the parochial charities;—a certain annuity of over £500, with the reversion to about £13,000, and £9000, upon trust, subject to a life interest in one-sixth, which he gives to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Caroline Routh, for the five children of his late brother, James; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. As to the residue of his personal estate, he leaves one fourth to each of his sisters, Mrs. Venables and Mrs. Lawrence; one fourth to the children of his late brother, James; and one fourth to the children of his late sister, Mrs. Clarke.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1883) of Mr. George Savill, late of Stamford, in the county of Lincoln, who died on March 19 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Stephen Donne, Orlando Edmonds, and Joseph Phillips, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £49,000. The testator bequeaths £200, and all his household furniture, effects, horses, and carriages, to his wife; and legacies to his executors and one or two others. His freehold residence in Stamford he leaves to the use of his wife, for life, then for his spinster daughters, and ultimately upon the same trusts as his residuary personal estate. The residue of the personalty is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; then as to £5000 for his son, John Eden, and one third of the ultimate residue for each of his daughters, Emma, Rosellen, and Agnes.

The Irish Probate, under seal of the District Registry at Belfast, of the will (dated Aug. 28, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 4, 1885), of Sir William Gillilan Johnson, late of College-square, North Belfast, who died on April 9 last, granted to Edwin Hughes, one of the executors, was sealed in London on the 27th ult., the aggregate value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £47,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Protestant Orphan Society, Belfast; £500 to the Belfast Charitable Society; £250 each to the

Belfast Royal Hospital and the Belfast Ophthalmic Institution; £100 each to the Belfast Hospital for Skin Diseases and the Workshops for the Industrious Blind, Belfast; £50 to the Boys' and Girls' Homes, Belfast; and legacies to nieces and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life; at her death he settles his residence in Belfast with the furniture and effects (except the plate with his father's crest, which he gives to his nephew William Johnson) on William Hughes; and he leaves certain shares to his great nephew, William Gillilan Johnson; £3000 to his great niece, Jane Josephine Johnson; the residue of his real estate to his nephew William Johnson, for life, and then to his said great nephew; and the ultimate residue of his personal estate to William Hughes and Edwin Hughes.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1884) of Sir Henry Morgan Vane, D.L., secretary of the Charity Commission, late of No. 74, Belgrave-square, who died on April 22 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Henry De Vere Vane and the Rev. Gilbert Holles Farrer Vane, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator leaves the manors of Market Harborough and Great Bowden, Leicestershire, and all his messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments to his son, Henry De Vere; certain family plate, portraits, miniatures, pictures, and prints are made heirlooms to go with the settled estate; £10,000 to each of his sons, Gilbert Holles Farrer and William Lyonel; £3000 to his daughter, Louisa Henrietta; £200 each, free of duty, to St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner, and the General Infirmary, Northampton; and legacies to domestic servants. The residue of his personal estate he bequeaths to his son, Henry De Vere.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1882) of Miss Catherine Maria Susannah Dawkins, late of No. 31, Hans-place, Sloane-street, who died on March 8 last, was proved on the 13th ult., by Lieut-Colonel William Gregory Dawkins and Mrs. Mary Laura Petre, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testatrix gives legacies and annuities to nephews, nieces, executors, and others; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her said niece, Mrs. Petre.

The will (dated June 9, 1882), with a codicil (dated July 25, 1885), of Colonel John Henry Sharpe, late of No. 16, Queen's-square, Bath, who died on March 21 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Montague Sharpe, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator leaves his residence, No. 16, Queen-square, with the furniture and effects, for the use of his wife, Mrs. Louisa Gardyne Sharpe, and her mother, and the survivor of them; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children or remoter issue as she shall appoint.

The will (dated April 11, 1886) of Mrs. Helen Illingworth, late of No. 12, Albany-villas, Hove, Sussex, who died on April 12 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Mrs. Eliza Cleveland, the daughter, and John Fawcett, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testatrix leaves £100 to her executor, Mr. Fawcett; and all her real estate and the residue of the personalty, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Cleveland, for life, then for her grandson, William Cayley Henry Cleveland, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1885) of the Rev. Henry Doyle

Sewell, late of Headcorn, Kent, who died on March 19 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Mrs. Edith Sewell, the widow, the Rev. Frederick Arthur Cecil Lillingston, and Edward Newman Knocker, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testator bequeaths £2250 to his wife, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement; £15,000, upon trust, for his wife, and, after her decease or marriage again, for his five children by her; £3000 to, or upon trust for, each of his children, Henry De Quincey, Sewallis Arthur, and Charlotte Mary; and a legacy to his executor Mr. Lillingston. There are also some specific bequests to his wife and children. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety, upon trust, for his wife and his children by her; and the other moiety to his three children before named.

LORD RIPON ON EDUCATION.

The forty-ninth annual conference of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes was held on the 16th inst., at Ripon. Sir Edward Baines, who since the year 1837 has occupied the office of president, was re-elected. A vote of condolence on the death of Mr. W. E. Forster was unanimously carried. Mr. Swire Smith read a paper on the subject of night schools, and it was agreed to memorialise the Government to change the treatment of night schools in order to recover and sustain them by abolishing the teaching by standards. It was resolved to hold the next meeting at Leeds.

In the evening a meeting was held in the public rooms. The Marquis of Ripon, who presided, said that for nearly fifty years the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes had been doing a good and a great work in regard to the public education of the county. It was no slight tribute to any public institution that it had been able to traverse a lengthy period of that kind marked by so many changes in subject-matter with which it had had to deal, and that it should have throughout that time have maintained its usefulness, and have been able to adapt its measures, its systems, and its organisations to the changing requirements and progress of time. The annual report set forth that the year had been an eventful one in the history of the union, and a marked improvement in the character of the work done was evident throughout. They had only to look at the report to see how extensive were the operations of the institution. The general educational standard of the country was rising every day. It demanded greater energy and improved methods from the teachers, and greater earnestness on the part of the students. Fifty years ago, when the Yorkshire institution was started, primary education in this country was in its infancy; secondary education, so far as the great mass of the people were concerned, could scarcely be said to have been in existence, and such a thing as University extension had never been dreamed of. That seemed to show remarkable flexibility of organisation on the part of the Yorkshire institution. This progress was to be mainly attributed to the fact that the managers of the institution, presided over for forty-nine years by Sir Edward Baines, had been men of open minds and sound judgment, earnestly devoted with singleness of purpose to the work in which they were engaged. They were now more and more inclining towards technical education, and doing their part to help in the great work of University education. One of the most successful branches of the union was the village libraries. In 1884 there were 27,250 books circulated. In 1885 no fewer than 28,400.

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AT HOME MY HOUSEHOLD GOD, ABROAD MY VADE MECUM.
THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your FRUIT SALT! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. There stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol at home, my household god, abroad my vade mecum. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a troublesome liver; no sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than, exit pain, 'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition that when taking it I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass; I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this Elixir make,
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this, the perfect Pick-me-up."

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people—unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely—to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet

champagne, liqueurs, and brandy, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by all who use ENO'S FRUIT SALT; therefore no family should be without it.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—"After suffering for nearly two years and a half from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your Fruit Salt, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good; and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Legal Rights are protected in every civilised country. Read the following:—"In the Supreme Court of Sydney (N.S.W.) an appeal from a decree of Sir W. Manning perpetually restraining the defendant (Hogg) from selling a fraudulent imitation of Eno's Fruit Salt, and giving heavy damages to the plaintiff, has, after a most exhaustive trial of two days' duration, been unanimously dismissed with costs."—Sydney Morning Herald, Nov. 26. Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

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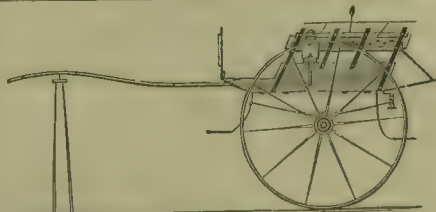
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Boatman's Cottage.

Bowood, from the opposite side of the Lake.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. VI.

Bowood.

"CAN you tell I which o' themmen housen Lord Lansdowne do live in?"

I suppose every great house has its funny story; and this is the one that local wits tell of Bowood—how a countryman, looking upon its long expanse, took it for a small town, and asked which house was his lordship's. Even the guide-books cannot resist the humour of this story, and they tell it with a chastened mirth.

Bowood does indeed give one the idea of very great size, and, so to speak, complexity. It is not by any means the largest of the great country seats of England; but as one stands in the park, fully facing it—the curving lake on one's left, the sweep of green-sward and trees to the right and behind one—it seems difficult to take in at one view the whole stretch of building. Its beauty is a bewildering beauty; it is a most confusing house to look at. Towers, turrets, pillars, terraces: the long broken line from the main entrance on one's right, by the many windows of library and orangery in the great western wing, to the left-hand block, where are the stables—all this seen at once, and further broken up by the tall dark evergreens rising here and there along the terraces, makes one feel that only one of "themmen housen" can be Bowood.

And inside it is rather worse. Going through the house, one does not carry the ground-plan in one's head, and has, for the most part, no notion which room one will come to next. I suppose the only way to get a clear comprehension of the general plan of the building (or buildings) would be to go on to the roof, and thence take a bird's-eye view of all the wings, courts, and extensions that go to make up beautiful Bowood.

On a bright day—it needs a bright day, to light up the rather sombre stone of the building—all the details of this varied beauty stand out in gay relief; at midsummer it might be a fairy palace, rising beside a fairy lake—with the troops of deer browsing on the grass that slopes to the water-side, and the grey herons stalking solemnly across the little island below. The variety, the irregularity of the place, these help its picturesqueness and make its charm; but they also make it all the more difficult to set down in words. One can give some notion of the simple Elizabethan home at Hatfield, or the massive square of Longleat, or even the stately palace of Blenheim, with its spreading wings; but Bowood escapes description.

Add to this that the chronicles of the house are like its architecture—it has no particular history, but a variety of interesting associations—and as, if one were asked how it was built, one might be minded to answer "anyhow," so one may perhaps take it that this will be the most suitable manner of writing its description. The formal historian loves to proceed in due order with the neighbourhood, the grounds, the house, its building and builders, and in their courses the family and their history; but the rambling chronicler of Bowood will be more in the spirit of the place if he takes events, descriptions, and so forth, as they chance to come before him, and makes "anyhow" his motto as a recorder of history.

Let us begin, however, in some sort of order, by explaining exactly where we are. Bowood Park lies not very far from the north-west corner of Wiltshire, being close to Calne, and not far from Chippenham; from the house itself Calne may be two miles to the north-east, while Chippenham lies north-west by a distance of three miles and a half. It was in passing through Calne on one of his "Rural Rides," that Cobbett took occasion to let fly at the neighbouring lord (without forgetting the town itself) his usual stream of unmeasured and absurd abuse: though the sole reason that he chooses to give for his objection to Lord Lansdowne is that this nobleman was descended from a man bearing the name of "Petty"—a great writer, of whom it would seem that Cobbett had never heard. For the town itself he says "I could not come through that villainous hole Calne without cursing corruption at every step; and, when I was coming by an ill-flooding, broken-winded place, called the Townhall, I suppose, I poured out a double dose of execration upon it." How far this somewhat indefinite description was then accurate I do not know—I believe that in

Cobbett's day Calne was mainly a town of narrow streets and old timber-framed houses, filled up with lath and plaster. Now, at all events, it seems a very decent little place—a trifle corrupt at election times, no doubt—with a townhall (in lieu of the "broken-winded" building) so new that it is not quite finished; while the church, like those of Frome, Yeovil, and of many west-country towns, is large, well-placed, and striking.

From Calne a half-hour's walk, by the side of a lovely green valley, takes one to Bowood House; but for the general traveller Chippenham is perhaps a more handy starting-place—and this because of an ingenious device by which the trains along the little branch-line to Calne seemingly always preface their ten minutes' journey by an hour or two of waiting. Now Chippenham station is by some fast trains the first at which passengers from London are set down; so one may descend here, pass through the busy old town—with its sad grey houses and the stone bridge over dividing streams of the shallow, beautiful Avon—cross the market-place, toil up a long, small, unromantic street of yellow, dark-tiled houses, so leave the town and pass by country fields and a village or two, and reach Bowood in less than an hour.

By this road the scenery is not nearly so fine as that on the way from Calne. You would call it "nice," exactly; nice, and no more. At the foot of a steep hill—Derry Hill—there is a picturesque little village, with cottages pretty but disorderly. After a stiff climb one reaches the top, and then in a little while the "golden gates"—so all the country people call them—of the entrance to the park.

Here, beside the arched gateway, stands a pleasant white tower. It overlooks a kind of tiny village green, a pretty three-sided patch of grass: on one side trees and cottages—then, facing the tower, a hostelry (nobody could venture to call it a mere inn), ivy-grown and gabled, with sheltered bench beside the porch, and swinging on the green before it a battered sign, the ancient Lansdowne Arms—and then, on the third side, a valley sloping sharply down, and beyond it a wooded hill.

Passing through the golden gates, it is a mile and a quarter to the second lodge, two miles perhaps to the house, by an avenue of pretty trees, with the park lying to one's left—wide lawns of rolling grass, belted with trees, and over the trees the spire of a church not far away. All this was once the great Forest of Pewisham, which spread from Chippenham nearly to Devizes, and from Laycock to Calne; and which had for its boundary on the north and west the river Avon. After the death of James I., who often hunted here, the forest was divided; half of it was granted to a Roman Catholic family of Devonshire, the Careys; the other half to the ancestors of Lord Audley.

Under Cromwell, Bowood Park was "laid open," or, I suppose, to use the more general term, "disafforested." There is a tradition which is given in precisely the same language in every book on the subject which I have seen; so, as there is presumably something of a sacred character in its wording, here are the *ipsissima verba*. "The Parliamentary Commissioners"—at this disafforesting—"were much embarrassed to convey the deer across Lockshill Heath, from Bowood to Spy Park; and the clothiers of the neighbourhood"—this is the tradition—"constructed a skirted road of broadcloth between those places, and thereby effected their removal." A good story, could one with less effort believe it.

Bowood, one may add—to complete this little section of its history—was finally given to Sir Orlando Bridgeman, then high in favour with Charles II.; but it seems to have profited him little, for he died insolvent, and it was bought of his creditors by the first Earl Shelburne. From him it passed to his heir, the Marquis of Lansdowne; with which peaceable descent its adventures were ended, and it has since remained in the Lansdowne family.

Away to one's left, as one drives along under the trees to the house, a hill stands boldly out, perhaps four miles off; and on its top is a noted landmark of this country, the Lansdowne column, looking, as it stands high up, as though it commanded a spreading view of half the shire. Really, however, there is

not so much of a view; the hill is shut in by other hills, of which, in this pleasant part of Wiltshire, there is no end—plains seem here as little known as mountains, and it is even said that Bowood Park itself contains nine valleys, "each distinguished by some particular feature"; though I have met no one who has counted them.

Immediately below the column, we see, cut in the slope of Cherhill Downs, a White Horse—one of the most striking of the many White Horses of Wiltshire. These gallant steeds for the most part resemble no living animal so much as a weasel; but this is a later and more artistic production, and bears an unmistakable likeness—even from four miles away—to the "rampant carthorse," mentioned in *Pickwick* as the sign of a famous inn. It was made, only about ninety years ago, at the expense of a patriotic gentleman of Calne: one Dr. Alsop, who directed the digging himself, standing on an opposite hill and signalling with flags, till the horse was marked out in all his fair proportions—I suppose he may be nearly a hundred yards long.

Passing under the trees, we lose sight of column and horse again, only catching a glimpse beneath the boughs of the sweep of grass-land in the park, dotted with cattle, brown and white—more beautiful in a wide landscape than deer, by-the-way: a richer relief than the restless little figures of pale



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

brown that we shall see further on. To our right runs the dark wooded hill, beyond the highway—our avenue is quite at the edge of the park; to the right, also, we leave an old gray lodge, with tall square chimneys, just before the second gate, as we go up into a high plantation. All is high ground here, indeed, and at every moment a wind springs up, and whistles through the trees, tossing up the carpet of dead leaves, and sending them on the wildest races across the path, like troops of little brown mice.

Here—besides a glimpse of a straggling corner of the great house, behind bright foliage across the lawn—one has a fine view of the level green park; almost a circle of grass, with trees around and scattered about in it. On the other side, white rails protect a steep sloping ground; beneath this, converging roads come through the trees, and further the lake peeps through, with a green hill behind.

Then there is a sharp turn in the path; a clump of trees makes a little avenue by itself; a troop of fallow-deer crowds up with inquisitive out-thrust noses, in no way afraid of the advancing stranger. We turn our backs to the lake, winding from the Great Wood to the bounds of the park, and find ourselves facing the great south front of Bowood House.

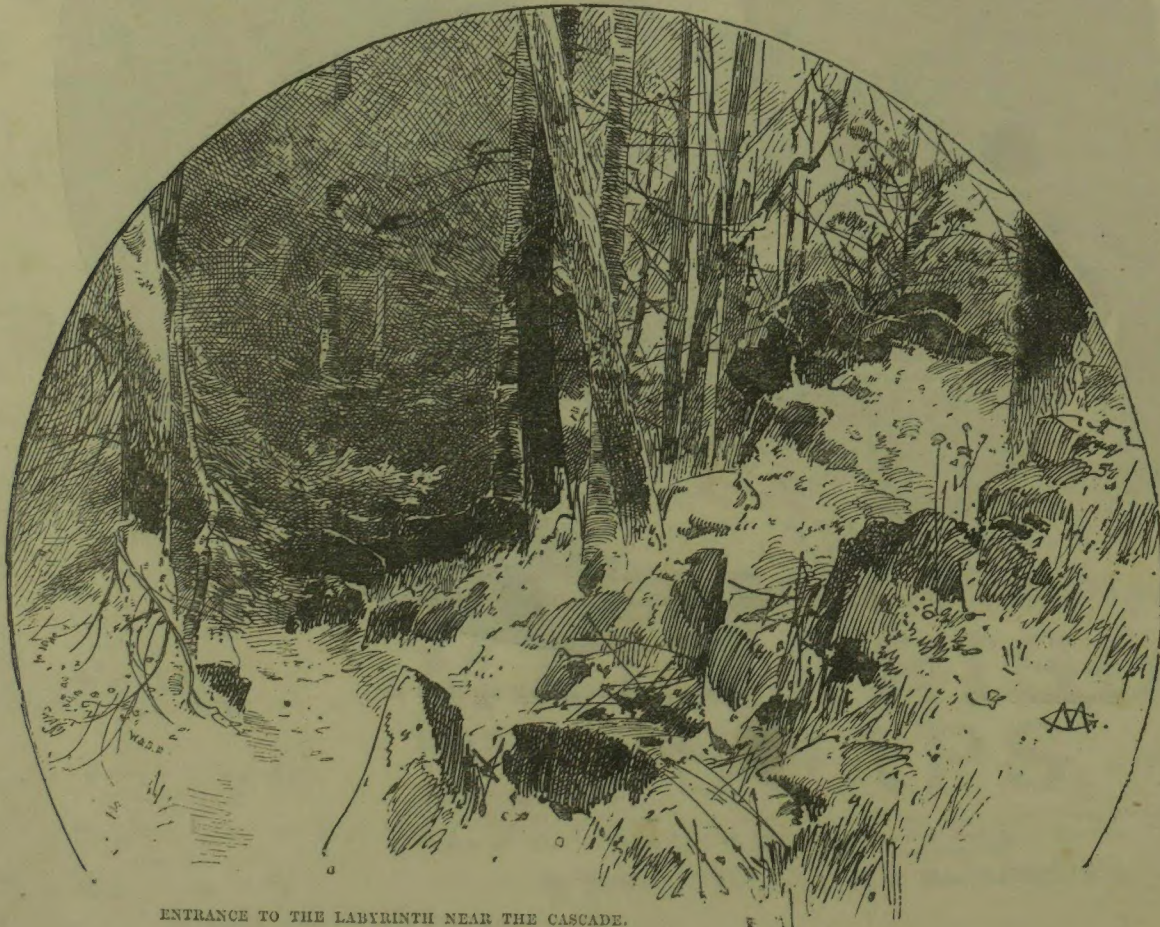
Bowood was built in the middle of the eighteenth century, of a grey stone, which has taken a darker brownish colour with age; it is quasi-Italian in style, and to the original house was added, at the end of the century, a very long, low wing, built in imitation of a wing of the palace of Diocletian, at Spalatro; in this are the libraries and conservatory, with gardens and terraces before them. The house stands not far from the north-east corner of the park, close to the water-side—only a few fir-trees are between—and has a fine southward view over lake and woods, and far away to the downs and Roundway Hill.

The main entrance is at the eastern end of this front; there is a Doric portico, high and massive, borne up by ten columns, whence rises a pediment bearing the family arms. Right and left of the portico are small wings; and this block of building was, I suppose, originally meant to be all the southern front of the building. It is the later westward extension—"after Diocletian"—which gives the appearance of immense size to the place: backed as it is with two towers of the living-house behind, two towers of stable, and divers other projections and adornments.

Just at present, the house has something of the deserted look of a place whose owners are away—or is it our knowledge of the fact that Lord Lansdowne is Governor-General of Canada that gives it this appearance to our eyes? At any rate, there are chains across the gates; and sightseers must go to the entrance of the office—in the further part of the buildings, by the stables. When the family is at home, strangers are seldom allowed to see the rooms; but the gardens are often shown, and the delightful park is freely open to the wayfarer.

The ground floor of the house—too bewildering to be grasped in its entirety—may conveniently be divided into three groups, or suites, of rooms. There are the reception-rooms, in the great eastern block; the private rooms in what is spoken of as the "living-house" behind; and the libraries, orangery, and chapel in the wing already spoken of. As it is impossible to devise any regular order for the exploring of these rooms, let us take them, as aforesaid, anyhow; and mainly with a view to seeing the great glory of Bowood—the pictures.

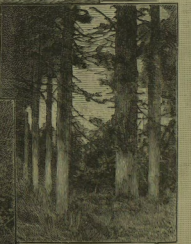
Among these, it has been said, there is "no rubbish." The collection, though large, is not very large; but almost every picture is a masterpiece, and almost every school is represented. In the great drawing-room alone, there is a magnificent collection well hung, on walls of crimson silk, against which the pictures look their best; of many of them—Rembrandt's "Mill," among others—it has been noticed that when from time to time they have been lent to exhibitions at



ENTRANCE TO THE LABYRINTH NEAR THE CASCADE.



MARANT 51



MONTBARD

Burlington House or the Grosvenor, they have never condescended to look quite so well to strangers, among strange comrades, and away from home, as they do in their own house, on the familiar red walls.

One cannot attempt to catalogue all the great works well worthy of notice, even in this one room. There is the magnificent "Mill," as I have said; with the southern light on its stormy sky, it looks as if no neighbour could bear comparison with its strength. Yet, on the next wall, the "Strawberry Girl" draws as many eyes; the plain little simple picture goes straight to the heart with its homeliness—it is such an English masterpiece, English people say! There is another Reynolds here, of which the interest is mainly in its gentle comedy: a portrait by Sir Joshua—it sounds chronologically impossible—of Dr. Johnson as a baby. The story goes that a friend of the Doctor was regretting that there was no such portrait, and trying to imagine what kind of baby that baby could have been; and Reynolds put his imaginings on canvas, and painted a chubby, heavy-headed boy, with foreshadowings of lexicographic dignity—and a certain surliness.

Some people think another of the Reynoldses the finest picture in the house. It is the exquisite "St. Cecilia"—a portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Sheridan, with her long, refined, "Reynolds" face. She sits at an antique instrument, and looks up, singing—

The pouring music, soft and strong,
Some god within her soul has lit,
Her face is rapt with the song,
And her grey eyes are sweet with it.

There is a vigorous, vivid Ruyssdael; there is a strong and manly Jan Steen; there is Wilkie's "Confession"; there is Hogarth's delightful "Peg Woffington"; and there is a wild, real, uncompromising portrait of Salvator Rosa, painted by himself. Many another beautiful thing is in this room; but I can only notice one—a dark, magnificently painted woman's head, real and solid, with a wonderful sorrow in the eyes—by a Spanish artist, whose name, El Mudo, seems to indicate that he was dumb. The face, of a sensuous southern beauty, is said to be singularly like that of the wife of Tom Moore, who was so long connected with Bowood, and lies buried in the neighbouring Bromham churchyard.

To this room is a little ante-chamber, filled full of little masterpieces; many of them are Dutch, some are by Wilkie, one or two by Velasquez. Perhaps the most noted is a Mieris: a tiny interior flooded with light, with wine gleaming like ruby in a glass—the drinker a very ugly woman, painted with a solidity and care that a modern artist would not give to Helen herself.

From the drawing-room an ante-library leads to the large library; Bowood is a house well off in books and book-rooms, as becomes its literary associations. The Lansdowne family has been a family of statesmen, and has always loved letters as well as art, and all regions of intellectual study. One of the greatest names connected with the place is that of an actual ancestor of Lord Lansdowne—the Sir William Petty at whose expense Cobbett was facetious, and whom better political economists than Cobbett look up to as an original thinker, in advance of his time, and very likely of our own. His portrait hangs in one of the corridors: a powerful, not altogether a pleasant face—certainly the face of a man who could think for himself, and make and keep a fortune; which things Sir William successfully did.

Tom Moore, as I have said, lived close to Bowood, and was a friend of its inmates. Sloperton Cottage, his home until his death in 1852, is hard by; and a minor singer, Bowles, lived two miles off, at Bremhill. Bowles's gentle sonnets are now almost entirely unread, but they lent their modest help to the reform which gave us Wordsworth instead of Pope—though one cannot but detect a certain Twickenham flavour in the spirit of Bowles, when one learns that at the little farm at Bremhill the sheep-bells were tuned in thirds and fifths!

A greater man was Priestley, who lived at Calne for ten years—from 1770 to 1780—and was supposed to discharge some kind of duties as librarian. In reality he was the companion and friend of the Earl of Shelburne: himself a general officer in the Army, a distinguished statesman, and—about two years after Priestley ceased to live at Calne—Prime Minister of England.

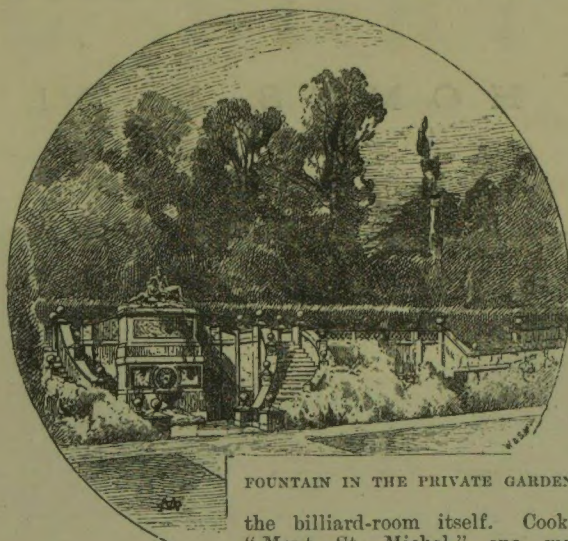
Returning from these notables to the room their spirits haunt, we look at the "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness" of Raffaele, and the fine Wedgwood vases above the books, and then pass on through the orangery—pretty with its dark trees and bright fruit, and with southward views from the windows—go by a little room called the lavatory (*a non lavando*), where just now Raeburn's fine portrait of Playfair is having an airing; and, leaving behind us the chapel—plain and not large, with coloured windows—we step on to the higher of the two terraces that descend towards the park. Here is an Italian garden, bright in colour and regular in pattern, with a few dark evergreens; it is adorned with stone stags—exceptions, perhaps, in a small way to Lord Shelburne's rule that no statuary of any kind should be seen in his grounds. He held—and very rightly—that an English landscape in no way needed or was improved by an occasional marble figure, probably undraped, and certainly chilly and inappropriate.

Beyond this point westward are only the porter's lodge and stables; so we turn back by libraries and corridors, up the "marble staircase"—which is to say the staircase with marble sidings—to view the Picture Gallery, christened probably by the gentleman who had the naming of the lavatory, as there are fewer pictures here than elsewhere. One notices on the way that the prevailing colour of the place is white; most great houses seem to have their leading colour—in Longleat I remember all through the chief reception-rooms a kind of golden brown—and Bowood is a very white house. A bright and beautiful effect it gives, with something palacelike and stately—indeed, the finest room in the whole world, perhaps, is the great White Library at Blenheim.

In the picture gallery one is obliged to note two landscapes—one on the wall, Callcott's large and magnificent "Pool of London," so quiet in colour, so masterly in its breadth of composition; the other out of the window, a beautiful view easterly, over lake and park. From the great drawing-room also—as the orderly historian would have noted at the time—is a fine look-out over the lake, an artificial water, attributed to "Capability" Brown, the engineer of Blenheim, Longleat, and many another manufactured Windermere. This of Bowood is very much in his well-known style—and a most picturesque and effective style it is. Here are perhaps fifty acres of water, coming round by the west end of the house in a graceful curve, with an island (or is it a peninsula, jutting out?) further on, and woods growing, for the most part, down nearly to the water's edge.

From the room to which we naturally go next—the billiard-room—there is yet another view: to the right is Clerk's Hill, to the left Hedington, and down the lake you see the heronry—one of the few that still remain in England. It is on the peninsula just spoken of—in the winter the herons go further down the stream for their prey—and one watches the great grey birds in their heavy creaking flight over the water.

From the picture gallery to the billiard-room one passes through a pretty recess—filled, of course, with pictures, as is



FOUNTAIN IN THE PRIVATE GARDEN.

the billiard-room itself. Cooke's "Mont St. Michel" one must notice—Bowood is strong in pictures of about this time and kind; Stanfield, Callcott, and Cooke are all well represented. But of looking at pictures here there is no end; we must go quickly by—to find ourselves now, where the slave of order would have begun, in the entrance-hall.

This is a bright and cheery room, with a fine white stove of polished steel, surmounted by a splendid marble chimney-piece. The door is, of course, beneath the grand portico which we have seen from outside; and at the corners furthest from it are little round galleries, whence one has a pretty view of the hall—and from which, in the days before bells and speaking-tubes, it was no doubt very convenient to give one's orders to the proud young porter in his chair.

Hence to the large dining-room, where are noticeable another white stove—again the whiteness of Bowood and the beauty thereof impress one—and some tall marble pediments for lamps, very curious and stately. The walls are hung with a collection of Clarkson Stanfields: large, vigorous, breezy—in spite of the advance in the art of to-day you are inclined to think that such a picture as one of these, or the Callcott in the gallery, would show, if it were hung at Burlington House this summer, as a Triton among minnows. Here is the rough and restless sea—and not merely a casual square mile of sea, but a picture, a drama, something to interest the onlooker, even though he be not an art critic—but, though the galleries at Bowood would furnish the text for many a sermon, this is hardly the time to preach them.

We look at the "cube-room"—of perfect proportions, height, breadth, and length the same; the effect is handsome and pleasant when the room, as here, is not too large. Then we pass up the "Indian staircase" to the suites of rooms which lie to the right and left of the entrance-hall. By-the-way, one can look down into the garden; the effect is pretty and rather striking, of the rich and regular flower-beds against a deep yellow ground. To the east one overlooks the lake, and sees, across it, a little temple outstanding at a corner opposite; strictly speaking, perhaps, this house of Greek worship ought to have been prohibited with the statues—but it is picturesque, and we forgive it.

The Indian suite is to the left of the staircase; its decoration is mainly eastern, with patterns of dull colour and fantastic figuring, and bed-posts of bamboo. One has a notion that here, if anywhere, might be found some legend of Bowood—even some dusky Asiatic ghost might occasionally inhabit these rooms; but unfortunately the house is so far incomplete. It is, I believe, entirely legendless; in history it has notables enough, but Petty and Priestley between them must be supposed to have swept it clear of fairy tales.

Behind the main building—this south-eastern block—is a smaller house, in which the family (when it is at home) now lives. At the time of Lord Lansdowne's marriage, the Dowager Lady Lansdowne lived in this house, and the Marquis in the smaller apartments of the large house; but after a while it was found more convenient to move into the "living-house" at the back.

Passing by these private apartments, and subduing one's natural desire to get some sort of notion of the general plan of the house by taking a bird's-eye view from the roof, one now directs one's steps—not without a trusty guide—to the pleasure-grounds of the park. By tortuous passages we pass through two courtyards—one, the "green courtyard," yellow-walled, with the chapel at its end, all peaceful and quiet in the sunshine; the other the stable court, with something of a military aspect. The stable-entrance from the park has altogether a martial bearing, with its high walls and the plain greyish stone of its buildings; very different it is from the great south front of Bowood, which looks altogether a pleasure palace, quite unfitted to stand a siege.

Beyond the stable lie the kitchen-gardens—divided into four separate acres—and the greenhouses, some of which are at present dismantled; and after these one finds oneself amid what shares the greatest glory of Bowood with its pictures—its trees. These are of all kinds and magnificent—noble oaks, pines curtsying to the ground, dark cedars, the "mammoth tree of California," and many another lovely foreigner. Here is the Pinetum, with its view towards the house through shadowy forms of delicate brown, graceful trees, whose leaves have not yet come in their summer colours, and in its midst is a circle of grass, ringed round with evergreens—one, standing back from the rest, of an intense and sombre colour.

Round to the right is the end of the lake—a sheltered stretch of quiet grey water; these little inland lakes seem always of one colour. A bank has been made across the tiny valley at the lake-end, and from this one has a very pleasant glimpse of the great house among its trees. The rockwork by the bank is pretty—all the stone used here and elsewhere, one may note, is quarried in the park.

And now must the seeker after the picturesque take breath and prepare himself for one of the boldest flights of fancy of the designer of Bowood. This was not planned by Capability Brown, but by a neighbouring amateur of more daring ambition—the Hon. Charles Hamilton, of Pains Hill. He did not make it all "out of his own head," it is true; but having taken his picture from a landscape of Poussin's, he, so to speak,

framed it in an approach of his own contriving—through winding caverns, gloomy and terrific, filled with a horror eminently suggestive of the romantic days of Queen Anne. Down a steep path one clambers, follows for a little the course of a rippling streamlet, and then—and not till then—turns sharp round, and stands fully facing the cascade.

A very pretty cascade it is, as one would own, even if one had not approached it through darksome caves. Standing on a rough stone midway in the little stream, one looks up a narrow valley; between the trees, at the water falling over rocks, perhaps thirty feet high, upon a stony little water-course; the sunlight catches the water, and glimmers greenly through the young leaves of the trees, and one feels that it is all really as pretty and simple and natural as the unaided work of Nature herself. We are even told by the guide-book that here the spectator "by a small effort of imagination, may think himself among the wild waterfalls of North Wales, or the thundering cataracts of Switzerland"; but it is conceivable that a less imaginative looker-on will content himself with being quite happy in England.

Returning to the lake, we are not allowed to be commonplace; our journey is through a wild cave, with seats of the rough rock just sufficiently improved to be comfortable to sit upon—and by a passage upward among frowning boulders. We have hardly reached the light of day before we come to a grotto, for which, I believe, the Honourable Charles is not responsible. This is at the corner of the lake, and is composed entirely of ammonites, beautifully perfect, which have given it with the country folk the name of "Ramshorn Cavern."

Further on is the temple, moved about twenty years ago from a little distance to its present commanding place, near a little branch or bay of the lake. The water at the lake-head is twenty-five feet deep, and belongs to the river Marden, running hence from Calne. Yet farther on, directly facing the great house across the water, the dark cottage of the boatman who ferries you across stands out picturesquely on a grassy promontory, the woods behind it and the water below, with the big clumsy boat fastened to the shore.

A long way hence, a mile to westward of the house, there stands on sloping ground the mausoleum, the chief historical monument of Bowood. It was built to John Petty, Earl of Shelburne, who died in 1761; he was the son of John Fitzmaurice, Earl of Kerry—to whom, we are told, "the titles of Kerry and Laidlaw had descended lineally through twenty-four generations"—and Ann, daughter of the famous Sir William Petty. From the mausoleum is a magnificent view of Marlborough Downs, the town of Calne, the Cherhill White Horse, and the woody hills of Wiltshire.

This beauty indeed of forest and woodside, one has always with one, not only throughout the seventy acres or more of pleasure-ground, but in all the park and estate. The entire estate covers about ten thousand acres; and of it Lord Lansdowne lets some six hundred acres as allotments. In Wiltshire, in fact, the agricultural labourer is unusually lucky in this respect, that almost every parish has its allotment ground; so that, though wages in south-west England are notoriously low, it may be that the peasant here has greater comfort than many better paid workmen of the north.

Round the south end of the lake, past the heronry with its solemn fisher-birds, up a little hill where the wind is always blowing, by a quarry whence they take sandstone to mend the park-roads, one comes out once more face to face with the terraced front of Bowood. Behind, to the left, is the drive along which you come from Chippenham; in front, also to the left, is the road—almost prettier—which takes you through the park to Calne. For a mile it skirts the pleasure-grounds, divided by a ha-ha and rails from the grass whereon the cows lie thoughtfully, and the deer restlessly move to and fro, irritated perhaps by the incessant cawing of the rooks now coming home to tea. Dots of vivid scarlet appear on the road and move across the lawn; they are the cloaks yearly given to the children—now home-coming—of the pretty gabled school just beyond the gates. One lovely child—quite driving the "Strawberry Girl" lately left behind out of your head—gives as you pass a perfect "charity-bob": a dead stop, the feet a little apart, an abrupt descent, and a recovery of the perpendicular equally rapid.

The road curves along a hillside shady with splendid trees—beech above, oak lower in the valley; and further on, in the pleasure-grounds to the right, a patriarchal spruce whose branches, dipping to the ground (like the little girl just



THE WHITE HORSE, FROM THE ALLEY IN THE PARK.

now), have taken root, and grown up a truly united family round their parent. So we go on to the park gate; and then, as the evening comes, we walk alongside the green valley that stretches towards Calne, meeting the velvet-capped hunters returning on their tired horses, and hearing the broad Wiltshire "Good-night" of the countryfolk going home from market to the Bowood farms.

EDWARD ROSE.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. VI. BOWOOD.



CASCADE IN THE PARK, AT THE END OF THE LAKE.